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ABSTRACT

One of a series of 20 literary magazine profiles written to help faculty advisors wishing to start or improve their publication, this profile provides information on staffing and production of "Seed," the magazine published by Grissom High School, Huntsville, Alabama. The introduction describes the literary magazine contest (and the criteria), which was sponsored by the National Council of Teachers of English and from which the 20 magazines were chosen. The remainder of the profile--based on telephone interviews with the advisor, the contest entry form, and the two judges' evaluation sheets--describes (1) the magazine format, including paper and typestyles; (2) selection and qualifications of the students on staff, as well as the role of the advisor in working with them; (3) methods used by staff for acquiring and evaluating student submissions; (4) sources of funding for the magazine, fund raising activities if applicable, and production costs; and (5) changes and problems occurring during the advisor's tenure and anticipated changes. The 1984 issue of the magazine is appended. (HTH)

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CS209 702

AN EXEMPLARY HIGH SCHOOL LITERARY MAGAZINE: SEED

Compiled by

Hilary Taylor Holbrook

INTRODUCTION

In 1984, the National Council of Teachers of English began a national competition to recognize student literary magazines from senior high, junior high, and middle schools in the United States, Canada, and the Virgin Islands. Judges in the state competitions for student magazines were appointed by state leaders who coordinated the competition at the state level.

The student magazines were rated on the basis of their literary quality (imaginative use of language; appropriateness of metaphor, symbol, imagery; precise word choice; rhythm, flow of language), types of writing included (poetry, fiction, nonfiction, drama), quality of editing and proofreading, artwork and graphic design (layout, photography, illustrations, typography, paper stock, press work), and frontmatter and pagination (title page, table of contents, staff credits). Up to 10 points were also either added for unifying themes, cross-curricular involvement, or other special considerations, or subtracted in the case of a large percentage of outside professional and/or faculty involvement.

In the 1984 competition, 290 literary magazines received ratings of "Above average," 304 were rated "Excellent," and 44 earned "Superior" ratings from state contest judges. On the basis of a second judging, 20 of the superior magazines received the competition's "Highest Award."

As a special project, the ERIC Clearinghouse on Reading and Communication Skills has selected 20 magazines from those receiving "Superior" ratings to serve as models for other schools wishing to start or improve their own student literary magazines. The profiles of these magazines are based on the faculty advisor's contest entry sheet, the judges' evaluation sheets, and interviews with the faculty advisors. Where possible, the magazines themselves have been appended. Information for ordering copies of the magazines is contained at the end of each profile.

SEED

Grisson High School

Huntsville, Alabama

Faculty Advisor: Sandra Shipman

Principal: Sidney Ingram

Student Editor: Kevin Kline

"A seed is an extension of the senses, mind and soul of the artist and writer. It may be a thought, an idea or an emotion making its way, alone, into the lives of others. Here it may take root and grow and when fully realized, blossom forth new and deeper meanings." - Seed Staff-

Grissom High School is a four-year public school located in the northern Alabama city of Huntsville, a community of approximately 150,000 residents--primarily white collar professionals in high technology industries. One of five high schools in the area, Grissom enrolls 2,200 students.

As will be noted later, the magazine receives a great deal of community support in the form of donations from individuals and clubs.

THE MAGAZINE FORMAT

The 1984 edition of the magazine is 9"x 6" wide, center stapled, with a black linen cover illustrated with a white bordered seascape. The magazine title is in white 16 point script type, with the name of Grissom High School beneath in blue 8 point script. The inside front cover is illustrated with a photograph. Sandra Shipman, the magazine advisor since 1976, notes that frequently the inside back cover also has a photograph, while the front cover sometimes has a wraparound illustration. For the 1984 edition, the inside back cover contains the names of sponsors and contributors.

Within the magazine, titles are in 5 point Souvenir bold type, poetry text in 4 point and fiction and drama text in 3 point type. Black and white drawings and photographs complement the text throughout the magazine. Although the staff members discuss different layouts each year, they are pleased with the present format.

PRODUCTION: SECTION EDITORS

SEED was first published in 1971. Its present staff of 15 operates under section editors, who select the best contributions from poetry, fiction, drama, art, and photography for the rest of the staff to evaluate. Ms. Shipman goes through those submissions that have been rejected, and those she feels are worth a reevaluation are given again to the staff for reconsideration. Ms. Shipman notes that in these instances she and the staff are always able to reach a concensus as to whether or not the work should be included. Staff members also work with contributors on

revisions of work that is of high quality but which needs polishing.

Contributions are solicited from students by means of signs, announcements and school newspaper notices. Art and photography students are also asked for contributions. The 1985 edition of Seed will see a new faculty advisor, and include contributions from faculty as well as students.

Faculty proofread and edit about 10 percent of the editing, while students perform the remaining 90 percent, and 100 percent of writing, design and layout, art, photography, and paste-up. The magazine is printed out of house.

FUNDING: DIVIDE AND CONQUER

The annual budget for Seed has been developed on a "break even" basis, although there is occasionally a surplus at the end of the year. About 35 percent of the funding comes from community donations, with the remaining 65 percent recovered through sales. As work on the issue begins, the staff determines how much money will be needed for publication. The amount required from donations is divided among the entire staff, who then solicit contributions. Expenses for the 1984 edition ran approximately $2,500. The staff produces the magazine at a cost of $3.66 per copy for a print run of 750, and the magazine is sold to students and the community for $3.00 each.. Contributors, many of whom are "regulars," receive a free copy.

ANTICIPATED CHANGES: A WHOLE SCHOOL PUBLICATION

While the transition to a new faculty advisor may of course influence the staff dynamics, it is the addition of faculty

works that poses the greatest potential for change in the magazine, the character of which will thus be altered to reflect an additional sort of sophistication. The evaluation process will take into account the disparities between student and faculty work, raising the likelihood of two sets of evaluation criteria, or separate rounds of evaluation. Finally, the size and cost of the magazine will have to be increased, or the number of student submissions will have to be decreased to accommodate the addition of faculty works. Whatever the form of the final product, SEED will reflect not just the culture of the student body, but also the culture of Grissom High School as a whole.

**

Copies of SEED may be obtained from

Grissom High School

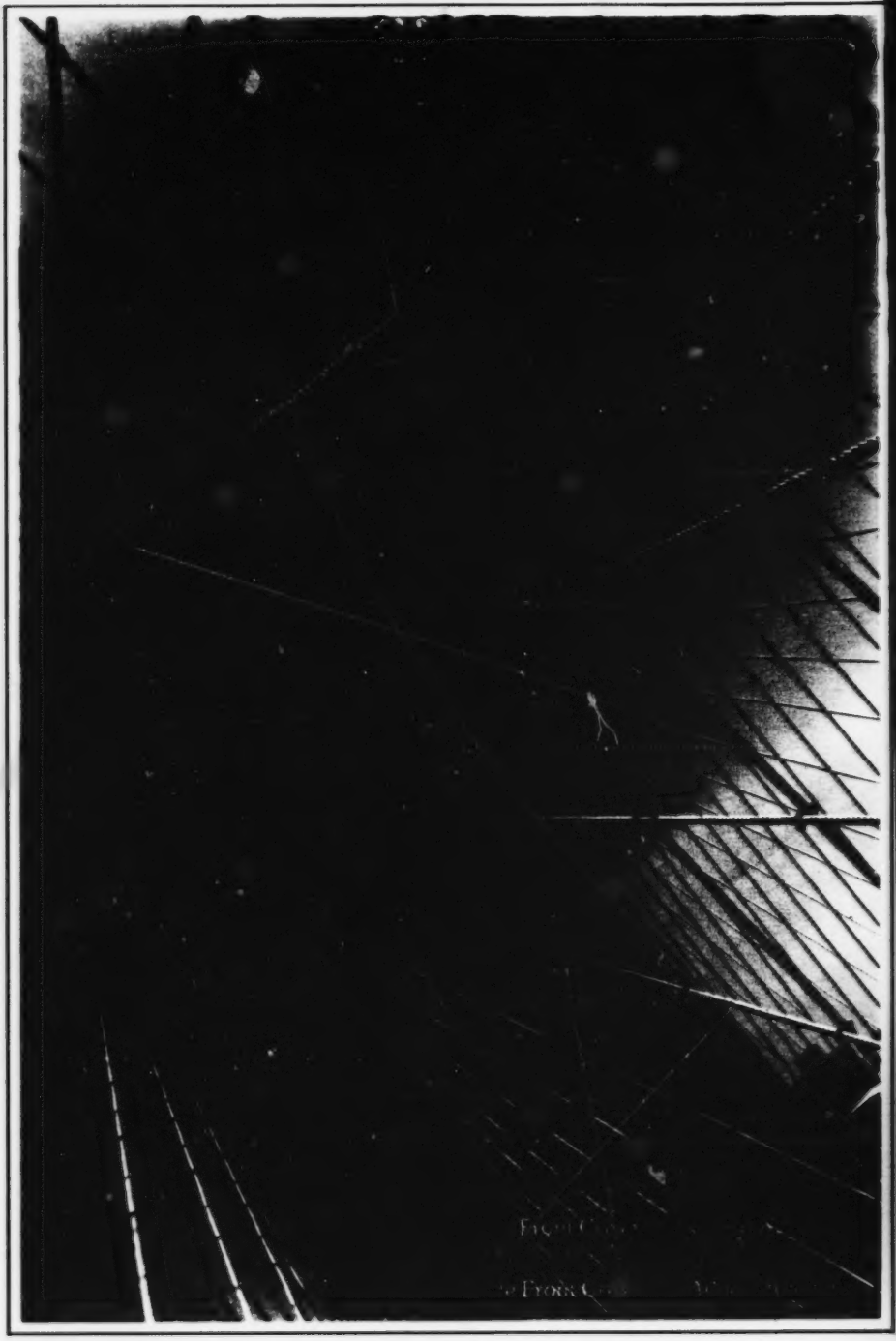
7901 Bailey Cove Road

Huntsville, AL 35802

Cost: $3.00 (plus postage)

Seed

8



Grissom High School

7901 Bailey Cove Road
Huntsville, Alabama

SEED

1984

Vol. XIV

A seed is an extension of the senses, mind and soul of the artist and writer. It may be a thought, an idea or an emotion making its way, alone, into the lives of others. Here it may take root and grow and when fully realized, blossom forth new and deeper meanings.

The Staff

Printed by Resta Graphics, Huntsville, Alabama

staff

Editor . . . . . Kevin Kline

Assistant Editor . . . . . Lisa Graf

Poetry Editor . . . . . Suzanne D'Aunoy

Prose Editor . . . . . Kecia Driver

Art Editor . . . . . Kevin Lay

Photo Editor . . . . . Anders Adelfang

Business Manager . . . . . Jay Coker

Ellen Ferrell
Pam Lawson
Sean McKay
Tina Fessenden

Ellen Robinson
Ronda Klassen
Laura Lockhart
Cindy Love

Faculty Sponsor . . . . . Sandra Shipman

Seed thanks the English and Art faculties for their support, encouragement and patience.

table of contents

Poetry

Sands of Time	2	Lisa Graf
Hero	3	Sophie Young
Branch That Hung	5	Sandra Meighen
Prologue	6	Caroline Prince
Christmas 2001	9	Ed Dravecky III
Father To His Son	11	Cindy Love
Daydreams	13	Valerie McClendon
Poetic Release	14	Lisa Graf
Dusk	14	Lisa Wayne
It's About Time	19	Dan Mayne
In Loving Memory of John Donne's "The Flea"	20	Lisa Graf
Lunar Odyssey	21	Ellen Robinson
Loneliness	21	Anjeli Agarwal
Beauty Parlor Blues	23	Beth Stettler
Jelly Beans	29	Caroline Prince
Ballet	28	Julie Maskimowski
Infinite Paradox	30	Michael Helba
The Judas Kiss	31	Ellen Ferrell
Mother Nature	32	Lisa Wayne
Opposite Attraction	32	Sandra Meigher
Waterfall	33	Lisa Wayne
Freedom	34	David Bockelman
What of the Heros	35	Suzanne D'Aunoy
A Life History	38	Adrienne Kump
The Oak	39	Lisa Graf
To My Grandchild	40	Kecia Driver
For a Sister	41	Suzanne D'Aunoy
H(eart) Bomb	42	Greg Barber
Identity	43	Sangita Goel
Darkness But No Blows	44	Lisa Graf
Reflections On A Grey Day	47	Kecia Driver
Shadow Boxer	48	Suzanne D'Aunoy
Holocaust	51	Lisa Graf
What Ever Happened	53	Vicki Wilson
Sunset	54	Kecia Driver
Music	59	Kevin Lay
The Music Box Dancer	59	Lisa Graf
The Wishing Well	60	Suzanne Mabee
Precious Pearls	63	Ellen Ferrell
Pure and Endless Light	64	April Creel
The Art of Being A Mother	67	Barbara Willis
On Absence	69	Lisa Graf

12

contents

Summer's End	70	Michael Helba
The Rose	70	Betsy Raddle
Savior	71	Kecia Driver
Secrets	72	Dana Adkins
Of Pygmalion	75	Suzanne D'Aunoy
Words	76	Kathy Wilburn
As It Is	76	Sandra Meighen
Of the Road	77	Lisa Graf

Prose

Illusions	7	Kecia Driver
I Could Have Been a Judge	15	Kevin Lay
Rhapsody in Blue	25	Lisa Graf
Soul Companion	36	Lisa Graf
In A Hospital	45	Mark Stettler
The Game	49	Suzanne D'Aunoy
Boy Meets Girl	55	Jay Coker
On Overture: 1812	57	Matt Schaffer
The Centurion	61	Kevin Kline
The Duet	65	Kecia Driver
Impasse	73	Kecia Driver

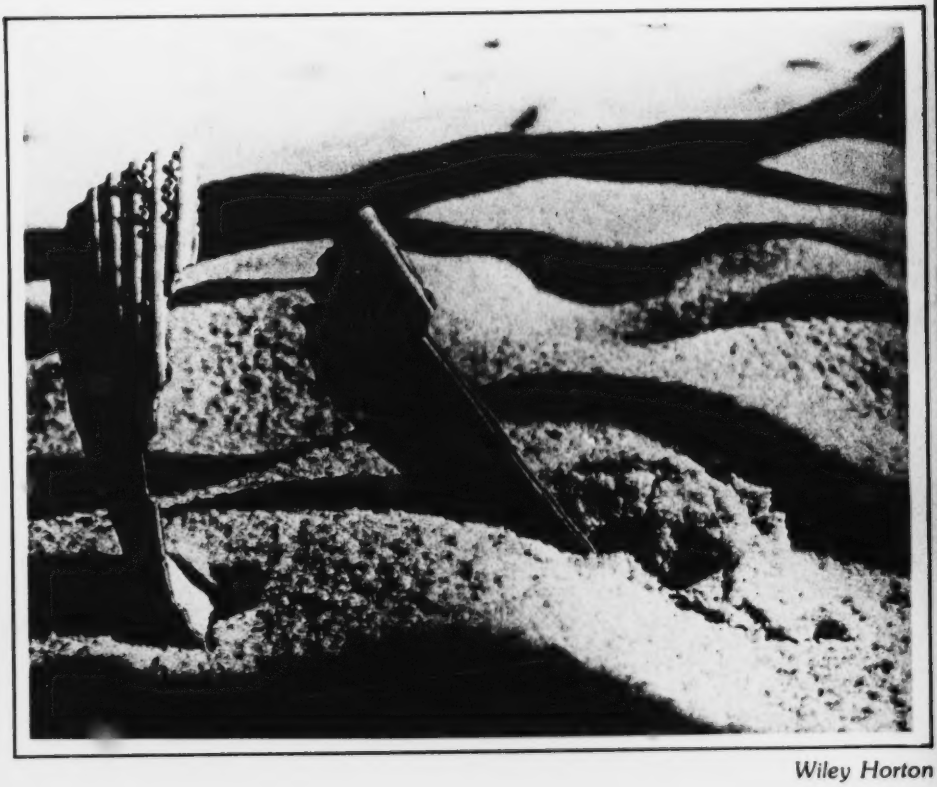
contents

Art

Kim Campbell 37, 78
Maureen Cleary 24
Dariana Dervis 10
Mike Keeney 22, 46, 55, 56
Ronda Klassen 70
Kevin Kline 20, 42, 44, 50, 59, 74
Kevin Lay . . . . . front cover, 12, 19, 26, 52, 58, 68, 75, 77
Deanne Sloan 4
Roger Smith 18

Photography

Anders Adelfang . . . . . inside front cover, 34, 40, 54, 66
Alex Gayle 14
Wiley Horton 1, 13, 47
Kevin Lay 33
Melinda Long 5, 39
Don Mandiville 62
Dan Mayne 31, 71



Wiley Horton

Sands of Time

Silence
total and complete, until —
as soft as a breath, a first breath
twisting, curling gently
around existence and its untangibility
stirring small pools of dust
and rippling mirages of water
or tears, it grows
louder, stronger yet, until —
a tempest forms! Angered,
its howling crescendos madly creating
  as sand subsides
  and gale dies
  and wind is forever lost—
a single, nondescript
impression
in the ageless, timeless,
ever-spreading ripples of
the Sands of Time
and a new wind softly breathes
breaking the silence....

Lisa Graf

Hero

"Tell me," I pleaded, hopeful.
Heavy-lidded eyes smiled down at me
and then up at a distant imaginary object
close to the horizon.

Grandpa nodded slightly several times,
then deluged me with a ticker-tape of images

of soldiers in blue,
dazzling swords by their sides,
saluting with spotless gloves
of stars and bars and eagles' wings
of red courage and blue justice and white chastity
of respect and honor and camaraderie
of Wystan,
who had been a true friend,
who had —

His voice faltered.
Throat tightened and
eyelids drooped further to hide all but
mere slits—cold, glittering knives of pain
which, though directed toward the unreachable,
nevertheless cut,
slashing my conscious reverie.

And I saw

dust and noise and waste
metal projectiles flung scientificially, haphazardly
drabbed men, faces distorted with fear
and hatred,
running zig-zagged lines over
other men strewn across fields
men in holes, trapped by men
men shouting and screaming
and dying
red blood and ashen souls

and a crying, white-haired survivor
with a quivering chin and weary eyes.

Sophie Young

Deanne Sloan

Branch That Hung

The branch that hangs on the churchyard wall has lived one-hundred years,
It's comforted weeping strangers as they shed to it their tears.
It's played with busy children during the morning hours of prayer,
It's had the strength to step forward and tell all that it cared.
And, though it held no power in its hurried world, it would
Show others of their inner strength and tell them that they could.
The branch that hangs on the churchyard wall has lived one-hundred years,
Soothed others when they were crouched down low and covered by their fears.
It's laughed and cried and mourned and sighed,
But only just this morning, the branch gave up and died.

Sandra Meighen

Melinda Long

Prologue

She sleeps,
And the cold takes over.
The ice and snow,
The sleet and hail...
And still she sleeps.
But even as the wind is raging
over her head,
She dreams of when
She will awaken...
And bring springtime
In all its glory and splendor.
The flowers blossoming through the lingering frost,
and the sun
Bursting
From behind the clouds,
Thawing the frozen soil,
Conquering the last trace of chill on the earth,
Bringing Life.
But until then, she can only dream,
As the wind howls above her,
And she sleeps.

Caroline Prince

Illusions

The stage was so full of light and color and people and life that Allison felt her heart would burst. The final curtain fell; the audience roared its approval. The leading lady was presented with a breath-taking armful of longstem crimson roses. She nimbly plucked one fresh blossom and presented it to the young man who had played opposite her. It was a classic ending for one of the countless joyous, upbeat musicials that were so popular that year on all the best stages in all the biggest cities.

As the house lights came up, people began to gather up their wraps and return to the dull, comfortable, Real World. Still hugging the happiness and light from the stage to her, Allison struggled into her warm winter coat.

"Would I be correct in assuming that you enjoyed the performance, my dear?" teased her husband, noting with pleasure the becoming glow she had acquired.

"It was absolutely splendid!" she exclaimed, taking his arm as they strolled leisurely out of the auditorium. "The Hero was absolutely dashing—don't laugh at me, John, I'm serious! He had such a dazzling smile! Oh, and the girl was so happy and carefree...always whirling about! That dear, sweet old man - I can just see him surrounded by dozens of grandchildren!"

Indeed, Allison was not alone in her exuberance—even the critics were reasonably satisfied. The Hero had been agreeably tall and dark and very handsome. He had an impassioned way of speaking that drew the audience close and held them there. The Heroine possessed the type of beauty usually labeled as "striking"; she had a great quantity of soft, long hair and huge jade eyes that burned with life. Her voice was so sweet that it caught at your heart when she sang. The Old Man was big and burly, like a Russian bear. His voice was rich and deep. His beard and mass of hair combined the wispy softness of smoke with glints of silver fox fur.

The couple enterd the club adjacent to the theater's main lobby, where it was customary to gather after shows to discuss the evening's spectacle over glasses of dry white wine and hope for a glance of the evening's stars. John gallantly ushered Allison into a booth, his warm brown eyes crinkling with affection, and beckoned the waiter.

The Heroine was wrapped in a well-worn blue terrycloth robe. She stood on tiptoe to hang the last of her costumes on the rack in the corner of her dressing room. Lovingly, she smoothed the silken folds; then abruptly she turned to the mirror and began to brush out her hair. The roses were spead out on a little table to her left and she fingered them gently, thoughtfully, the brush slipping from her fingers. A bitter-sweet smile touched her mouth—she caught her own eye in the mirror and leaned closer. Without the heavy stage make-up the face seemed void of color. She was so tired....Resting her chin in her palms, she wandered why the only time she felt alive anymore was when she was onstage.

It would take all of her strength tonight to pull herself together. She knew people expected her to make a grand re-entrance in a few minutes, at the club. She could already hear the hubub out in the hallway. Grimly, she set about recharging herself, reaching deep inside the resources of her inner being. One more performance to face tonight...

Half an hour later, she was again drowning in the torrent of popping flashbulbs, compliments, and questions. At her side was the Hero, and beside him, the Old Man. As she drank in their charming presence, she felt a tug at her heart...she remembered watching inthe shadows as the Hero stood in the wings, distractedly pulling a hand through his thick hair as he stared at the dark stage, all his passionate words gone. She remembered, too, seeing the Old Man emerge from his dressing room, letting his roughened fingers trail over the star. He had wound a long muffler around his neck and shuffled down the hall and out into the fierce cold...alone. She kept her brilliant smile in place, but the sudden feeling that came over her was vast and lonely, so over-whelmingly lonely...

Allison was sitting alone, letting long-ago memories of dance class and voice lessons wash over her, her long fingers tracing patterns along the rim of her glass. Her sleek silvery hair curved precisely, smoothly along her shoulders, the coolness of her deep blue eyes veiled thinly by a delicate fringe of bangs. An ache that was neither happy nor sad welled in her chest; an ache full of dreams that had not been realized...and dreams that had.

John wandered off a few minutes ago; she didn't notice he was back until he slid into the booth beside her, pointing to the entrance, where the entertainers had appeared. When she raised her head, Amber was directly in her line of vision.

Wild, tawny eyes fastened on cool, crystalline blue ones. All around them, people hummed and buzzed, but for the two women this moment was separate, isolated. Wordlessly, they communicated a wealth of information. Each gazed freely through the windows of the soul at the other, fraught with dissatisfaction - searching. First there was disbelieving realization; then acceptance and a curious understanding. Initial envy bowed before mutual enlightenment. As both looked away, each felt a comforting sense of peace. The world rippled back into focus, leaving Amber with the energy for her public appearance and Allison with the joy of the evening intact, although the gnawing ache was gone. The two ladies would never meet, not in the conventional sense of the word. But they had shared an intimate truth—they had reminded each other of the reality that exists in every fantasy, and the fantasy that can be found in every reality.

Kecia Driver

Christmas, 2001

'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through my dome
Not a creature was stirring, not even my clone.
The disk drives were hung by the computer with care,
With hopes that Saint Nicholas soon would be there.
The cyborgs were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of power packs danced in their heads.
My wife in her jumpsuit, and I in my vest,
Had just settled down for a drug induced rest,
When, out on the Astroturf, there rose such a clatter,
I grabbed my ray gun that fires antimatter.
Away to the window I hastened my mass,
Flicked off the force field, and peered through the glass.
The reflections of moonlight through the smog ridden air
Gave the luster of midday to everything there,
When, what to the electronic eyes should appear,
But a mass-driven sleigh with strange landing gear,
And a quick little pilot, hand on joystick,
I knew in an instant, it must be Saint Nick.
Quicker than photons his coursers they came.
He signalled his crew, he called them by name;
"Now, Xerox! Now, Apple! Now, Atari and Laser!
On, Zenith! On, Epson! On Touch-Tone and Quasar!
"To the top of the dome, by the air intake vent!
"Now dash away quickly, before our fuel's spent!"
So, up to the vent his coursers they flew,
A craft full of toys and Saint Nicholas, too.
Then up on the dome, a sound I did hear,
The scratching and scraping of large landing gear.
I leveled my weapon, laid flat on the ground
And then, through the vent, he came with a bound.
He was dressed all in teflon, from his helmet to his boot.
'Twas made in the eighties, a quaint little suit.
A life-support system he wore on his back, while toys for the cyborgs he took from his pack.
He brought out the toys that department stores sell;
The elves at the pole could not make them as well.
He checked with his mothership while doing his work,
And loaded the diskdrives, then turned with a jerk.
His gravity belt was secure, I suppose,
And, pressing the keys, up to the air vent he rose.

He sprang to his craft, to his crew gave a shout;
The ship gave a shudder, then blasted them out.
But I heard him exclaim, as he warped out of sight,
"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good byte!"

Ed Dravecky III

Dariana Dervis

Father to His Son

I'm sorry, Son.
You have to understand.
That Nature stops for no one,
Not even an innocent and helpless child,
Especially the helpless.

Nature is eternal, like God,
But unlike God, it is unheeding.
I pled for you devoutly,
But life in you would not stay.
Nature, I am told, takes care of its own.

Oh, Son, I'm sorry.
But you're Nature's now.
Yes, you will miss the love in life,
But the cruelties are there too.
In my world, cruelties far outweigh love.

Maybe Nature was right to take you away,
But not from me. Why?
I had so much love to give.
Yes, you're right—the bad;I forgot.
In my world, cruelties far outweigh love.

Cindy Love

Kevin Lay

Daydreams

Don't rush me when I'm dreaming,
Though I may seem far away.
I'm busy adding rainbows
To an ordinary day.

Dreaming is an art you know.
It takes time to weave a spell
And give it shape and color
If you really do it well.

Soul searching is a worthy cause
On which to spend an hour.
Who knows what treasures I may find,
What grace or strength or power?

Mountains aren't climbed in a second,
Nor cities built in a day,
Worlds explored in an hour,
What more do I have to say?

Don't rush me when I'm dreaming.

Valerie McClendon

Wiley Horton

Poetic Release

A word
A phrase
An essence
Born in articulation
Spiralling, flowing
Growth, enrichment
taking on new meaning
For each individual
Love, Joy, Hatred, Fear
Beauty, Truth
Expression—
An outlet for creativity
Blossoms forth a flower
Of indescribable wealth
For receiver and giver alike
From heart to mind
To soul
Pen and heart
Coincide
To create
Poetic release

Lisa Graf

Dusk

Grasses undulating in the breeze,
Keeping time with the tide,
Washing away the remains of the day.
The sun sets,
Casting a pink, orange, and purple glow
On the miniscule grains of glass
Called sand.
I feel the time slipping through my fingers,
With no way to catch it
And seal it with permanence.
I rise, and with a mock salute,
Say goodbye to another day,
Emptying into eternity.

Lisa Wayne

Alex Gayle

I Could Have Been A Judge

One Act Play

(Adapted from a British Monolog)
"Sitting on the Bench"

The Players:
EDWARD, ARTHUR

SCENE: The car of an old English pasenger train. (The aisle is at an angle, from front-left to right back)
TIME: No particular time; some time in the 1900's

Opens with a very distinguished late middle aged looking man in about the middle of the row, left window seat. He is wearing glasses, smoking a pipe and reading a newspaper. There are a few other passengers, not many, in the car.

Enter stage right, middle aged man, rather unkept looking, obviously a worker, walks up the row. He looks around seeing several empty seats but comes to the one with the man sitting next to it.

ARTHUR: Is this seat taken?

EDWARD: (Looking up and pausing for a moment) No, it isn't (with perfect honesty, as if to say, "go away").

ARTHUR: Then may I sit here? (Seemingly unaware of his implication)

EDWARD: Certainly. (With a bit of effort, recognizing his failure)

ARTHUR: Thank you, sir.

EDWARD: Quite alright. (Edward goes back to reading his paper)

ARTHUR: (Looks at Edward impatiently) Nice isn't it?

EDWARD: (Puts down newspaper) What?

ARTHUR: The weather, that is. Nice isn't it?

EDWARD: Yes. (He goes back to reading)

ARTHUR: (Looks at Edward impatiently again) What's your name?

EDWARD: Huh...oh. Edward, Edward Holmes.

ARTHUR: Edward... my name is Arthur.

EDWARD: No last name?

ARTHUR: Arthur Baxley.

EDWARD: Pleased to meet you. (Goes back to reading)

ARTHUR: (Raps upon his knee with his hand giving Edward not a minute of silence) What are you reading?

EDWARD: (A little irritated) About a case, (he puts down the paper) it's about...well, I needn't explain it.

ARTHUR: Then you must be a lawyer or something. (He says trying to keep up the conversation)

EDWARD: Actually a judge. I'm a judge. (He says with dignity)

ARTHUR: I could have been a judge.

EDWARD: Really?

ARTHUR: Never had the Latin. Never had the Latin for the judging. I suppose you would need a bit of Latin if you were to judge.

EDWARD: (A little puzzled) Indeed.

ARTHUR: Then I guess I had it as far as judging was concerned.

EDWARD: I would think so. (Slightly amused)

ARTHUR: What with the exams, I probably wouldn't have had a chance. I suppose they're rigorous.

EDWARD: Yes, very rigorous. Noted for their rigor. People would come out of them saying "my God, what a rigorous exam". (Sarcastically, almost laughing)

ARTHUR: I became a miner instead. I managed to get through the miner's exams. Not very rigorous, there's no rigor involved really. A complete lack of rigor actually, involved in the mining exams. They only ask you one question: "Who are you?" And I got seventy five percent on that one.

EDWARD: (Laughing in his face) Is it interesting work, mining?

ARTHUR: Yes, interesting that is, getting lumps of coal all day. Interesting, yes.

EDWARD: Yes, it must be. (Goes back to reading)

ARTHUR: You're given complete freedom.

EDWARD: Huh...oh really? (Puts down paper, looks tired of the conversation)

ARTHUR: You're given complete freedom to do whatever you like, provided you get your hand on two tons of coal every day. (He laughs sarcastically)

EDWARD: Quiet.(Annoyed, he goes back to reading)

A silence falls upon the two as Arthur gets irritated again, figiting.

EDWARD: (Finishes article and looks to Arthur with a new look of interest and empathy) I do say, my good man, how do you get hold of such coal, every day, that is?

ARTHUR: (Looks a little shocked) Why, hackin' and hewin' of course. Some prefer the hackin' and some the hewin'. Some prefer the combination. I'm a combination man myself.

EDWARD: Really? (As if struggling for interest)

ARTHUR: Yes. Hackin' and hewin' , all day.

EDWARD: I don't want to evaluate your profession, but it must be quite boring, I would say, hacking and hewing all day.

ARTHUR: (He looks down for a second) It...it's not the hackin' and hewin' that's boring; it's the people. Yes, it's the people. I'm not saying you get a lot a riff raff down the mine; I'm not sayin that. It's just that I got a lot of riff raff down my mine.

EDWARD: Boring conversation?

ARTHUR: Yes. Very boring, very boring indeed. My God they're boring. If you ever want a boring conversation, just hop on down to the mine.....

EDWARD: And you'll find it; a boring conversation. (He ends the sentence laughing)

ARTHUR: (Laughs profusely)

EDWARD: Boring. (Laughingly hysterically)

ARTHUR: Yes (His laugh is dying down)

EDWARD: Just how boring are these conversation?

ARTHUR: Very. Much too boring to tell.

EDWARD: Oh, come on. (Shifts his position and becomes very wide-eyed.)

ARTHUR: No, They're not worth thinking about.

EDWARD: Oh, please. I beg you. This is quite interesting.

ARTHUR: Like I said.

EDWARD: Yes, you did. But come on, you're drifting from the subject.

ARTHUR: Oh allright. (He begins to act. He hunches over and looks up as if playing a little twit.) Hello. I've found a lump of coal. (Straightens up and looks down as if a big miner, not so much a twit.) Are you sure?

TWIT: Yes, there's no doubt about it. This black substance is definiteley coal.

MINER: Jolly good, the very thing we're looking for. Ha, ha; well, be sure not to drop it on your foot,

ha ha.

TWIT: What? Me drop a big heavy lump of coal on my foot? You've got to be.... Oh, I see I've dropped it on my foot.

MINER: Silly little twit.

EDWARD: (Laughing so hard his glasses fall off)

TWIT: Hello. I've found another lump of coal.

MINER: Have you? Well be sure not to drop that on your foot.

TWIT: What? Me drop another big heavy lump of coal on my foot. You've got to be... Oh, I see I've dropped it on your foot. (He laughs)

EDWARD: (Is laughing so hard he can't breathe)

Another gentleman in the car next to them comments, "I do say gentlemen. Try to control yourselves."

EDWARD: (Replies after choking down his laugh) I'm terribly sorry. I don't know what came over me.

ARTHUR: I made you laugh. (With shocking honesty)

EDWARD: (Turning to Arthur) Yes, you did. I must say you aren't very boring. I must say so indeed.

ARTHUR: Yes. But you are.

EDWARD: I beg your pardon.

ARTHUR: I said "but you are."

EDWARD: I am what?

ARTHUR: Boring.

EDWARD: (He looks shocked and then thoughtfully) I.....Yes. You're quite right.....in a sense.

ARTHUR: Yes, in a sense. (A pause) It's a feature of your life, isn't it?

EDWARD: What?

ARTHUR: The absence of falling coal. It' a feature of your life; knowing there's no coal about to fall on your head.

EDWARD: Yes. I can't see many judges saying: "I do say, there isn't much coal falling in here today." (They laugh a bit)

ARTHUR: There's not much difference.

EDWARD: In what?

ARTHUR: In judgin' and minin', except the falling coal.

EDWARD: And the Latin.

ARTHUR: Yes. And the Latin.

EDWARD: So I must not be very boring.

ARTHUR: No, just boring.

EDWARD: I'm sorry. (He acts as a corrected child)

ARTHUR: About what?

EDWARD: About being boring.

ARTHUR: Oh, that's quite allright.

EDWARD: Are you sure? I don't want to offend you by it.

ARTHUR: No, my good fellow, I'm used to boring people such as you. But I'll leave if you feel badly about it.

EDWARD: Dear. No. Please don't leave.

ARTHUR: You'll have plenty of chances to be boring in the future. When a miner becomes old, ignorant, and so boring that he can't bear himself, he has to leave; he's no longer useful. The very opposite applies with judges.

EDWARD: (A little shocked) Now see here...

ARTHUR: I like you, Edward.

EDWARD: ...Oh...You do. Thank you Arthur.

ARTHUR: Quite alright.

EDWARD: And I like you Arthur. I'm so glad we got to talk. You got me to thinking. You know about the falling coal and all that. Very interesting.

ARTHUR: Like I said.

EDWARD: Yes. You did.

ARTHUR: We're friends, now aren't we?

EDWARD: Yes. Indeed.

(They shake hands warmly. People start looking out the windows.)

ARTHUR: Oh dear. I suppose you couldn't stay any longer?

EDWARD: No, Edward, I'm sorry. I must go. (He gets up, gathering his things)

EDWARD: I do hope we meet again.

ARTHUR: Yes, so do I. (He starts to leave)

ARTHUR: Don't feel bad about being boring and all that. (He says in the aisle leaving) After all, I would rather have been a judge. (He walks out leaving Edward)

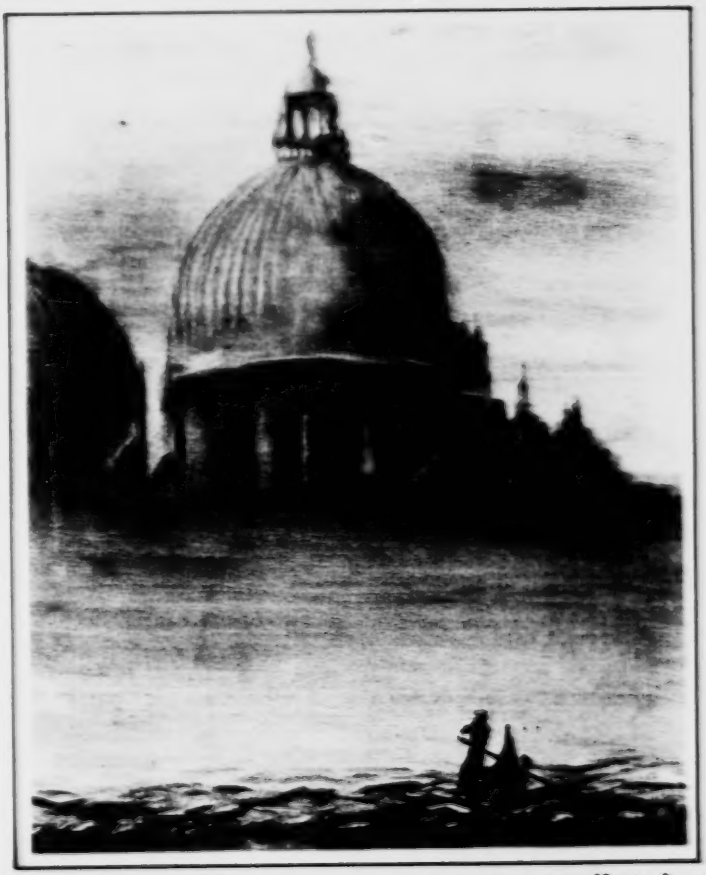
Kevin Lay

Roger Smith

It's About Time

Now twenty billion years have passed,
And more men than that have come and gone,
By war, old age, and accident.
But, never slowing, Time goes on.
And trods its path with steady gait,
Showing man only apathy,
Towards his hopes, his cares, his dreams and labors;
Time tears them all down silently.
Without guns or bombs or shells or tanks,
Time conquers every man that be.
Erasing all his fragile works,
It leaves only a memory.

Dan Mayne



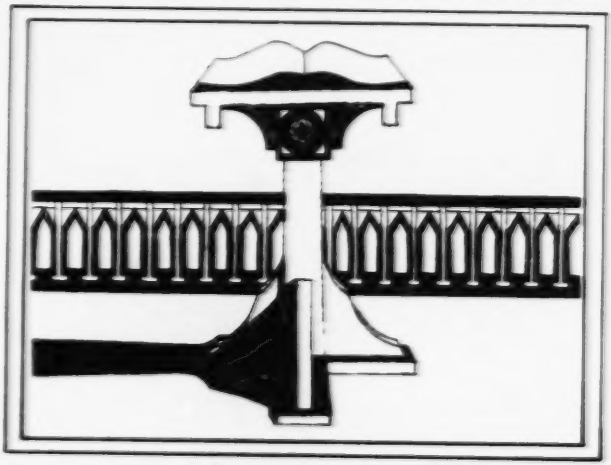
Kevin Lay

In Loving Memory of John Donne's *"The Flea"*

Mark but this paper, and mark in this
How little that which thou deny'st me is;
It struck me first, and now strikes thee,
And in this grade our two pains mingled be;
Thou know'st that this can but be said
A sin, a shame, a sore loss of my head;
Yet this enjoys before it woo,
And pampered swells with one grade made of two,
And this, alas, is more than you would do.

Oh stay, my life in one grade spare,
Where we almost, yea to vacation are.
This term is you and I, and this
Our sanity, and learning temple is;
Though parents grudge, and you, we are sick
And cloistered in these orange walls of brick.
Though use make you apt to fail me,
Let not to that, self-murder added be,
And remorse, for next year having me.

Cruel and sudden, hast thou since
Reddened my paper with ink of disgustedness?
Wherein could this student guilty be,
Except in waste of paper felt by thee?
Yet thou triumph'st and say'st that thou
Find'st not thyself, nor me the weaker now.
'Tis true. Then learn how false grades be:
Just so much talent, when thou fail'st me,
Will waste, as this paper's 'F' took life from thee.



Lisa Graf

Kevin Kline

Lunar Odyssey

She rises warm, drenched in the sea's blood,
Moving upwards, towards the emptiness.

Spreading her smile for all to see,
She winks; and disappears.

Bobbing around amongst the clouds,
She brings out the beast in me.

Ellen Robinson

Loneliness

All alone like a soft sound in the dark
As cold chills run up and down my body.
I turn my head as if I see somebody.
I feel like I am being watched as a hawk,
Piercing eyes which seem to glow in the dark.
I turn to run away but something beyond
Seems to catch my hand it holds as a tight bond.
I scream, the force grows stronger in the dark.
The wind begins to howl a song of the past.
It sounds as if I am being called away
To a dark place beyond heaven or hell.
I pull and jerk and try to get away, fast.
But the tight grows stronger for I am pulled away
And in the background I here a bell tolling.

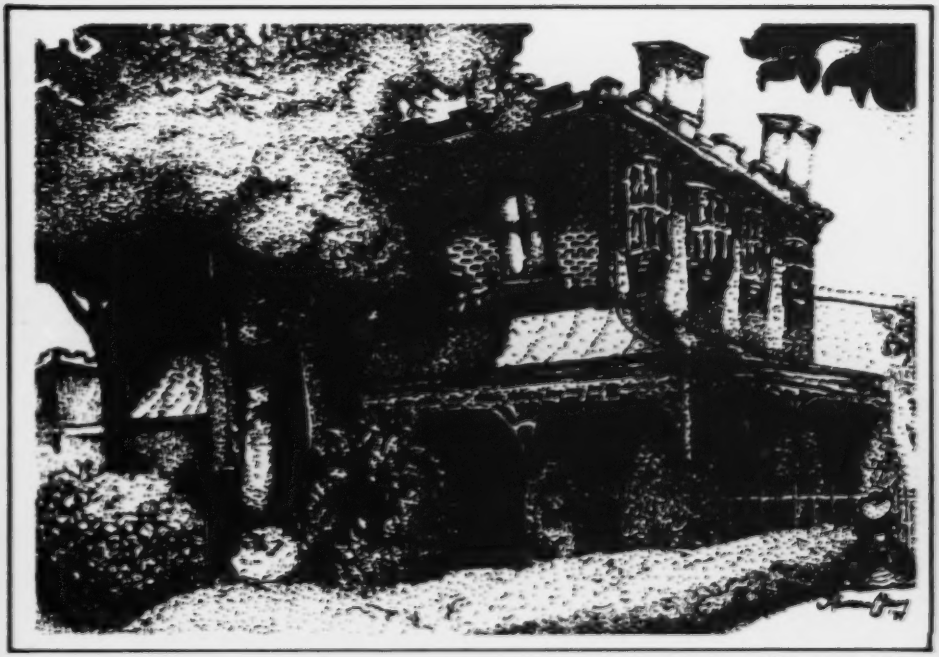
Anjeli Agarwal

Mike Keeney

Beauty Parlor Blues

The women in the parlor
Loaned sympathetic ears
To the disenchanted girls
While they peered into their mirrors.
"He started out with money,
For he made fifty grand.
And now he owned assets
In stocks, jewels, and land.
He dived into great detail
About his latest conquests
To capture my attention
By trying to impress.
He lied about his schooling
And then about his past—
Of course he was a football hero
And president of his class.
He bragged about the new sports car
Which wasn't really his.
Doesn't he know I'll like him
For what he really is?"
And with a painted finger
She touched her painted face
And applied the new spring color
Then closed her makeup case.
With bleached blond hair in curlers
She sighed and watched the rain
Those silly, little boys, she thought,
Why do they play such games?

Beth Stettler



Maureen Cleary

Rhapsody in Blue

CAST: Jennifer—high-school Sophomore
Melanie—high-school Sophomore
Mr. Lawson—band director

SCENE: high-school band room

TIME: 3:30 pm onward

Rhapsody in Blue

SCENE: School music room. Chairs set in a rough, disarrayed semicircle in middle of stage with music stands in front of them. Some chairs and stands knocked down, others balanced upright at wild angles. Music cases along left wall, piano along right wall, desk behind and to the left of piano. A man (Mr. Lawson) seated at desk writing, two teenage girls (Jennifer and Melanie) kneeling on floor with spoons prying gum off the bottom of chairs. Two piles of books on nearby chairs.

JENNIFER: (looks at watch) It's time to go.

MELANIE: (grinning) You tell him.

JENNIFER: Okay. (picks up a pile of books and walks to desk, clears throat) Mr. Lawson?...

MR. LAWSON: (looks up) Yes, Jennifer?—Oh, it's 3:30, isn't it? (sighs) You sophomores are SO impatient...

JENNIFER: (sarcastically, but with a careful grin on her face) Yeah—and we're stupid, and clumsy, and hyperactive, and we're ALWAYS dropping things. Isn't that what you always say?

MR. LAWSON: (laughing) AMEN! (pause) You and Melanie may go now, but if I EVER catch you chewing gum again...

JENNIFER: Yes, SIR! But, um, chewing gum is just a typical sophomore trait! (grins)

MR. LAWSON: You had BETTER smile when you say that! (looks at Jennifer's music books in her arms, picks one up.) *Rhapsody in Blue*, hmm? Can you play this?

JENNIFER: No, sir, but I'm learning it.

MR. LAWSON: Nice piece. Appropriate, too. (looks at Jennifer, half-smiles, and chuckles. Melanie looks up, shrugs, and resumes work.)

JENNIFER: I'm not sure I understand...

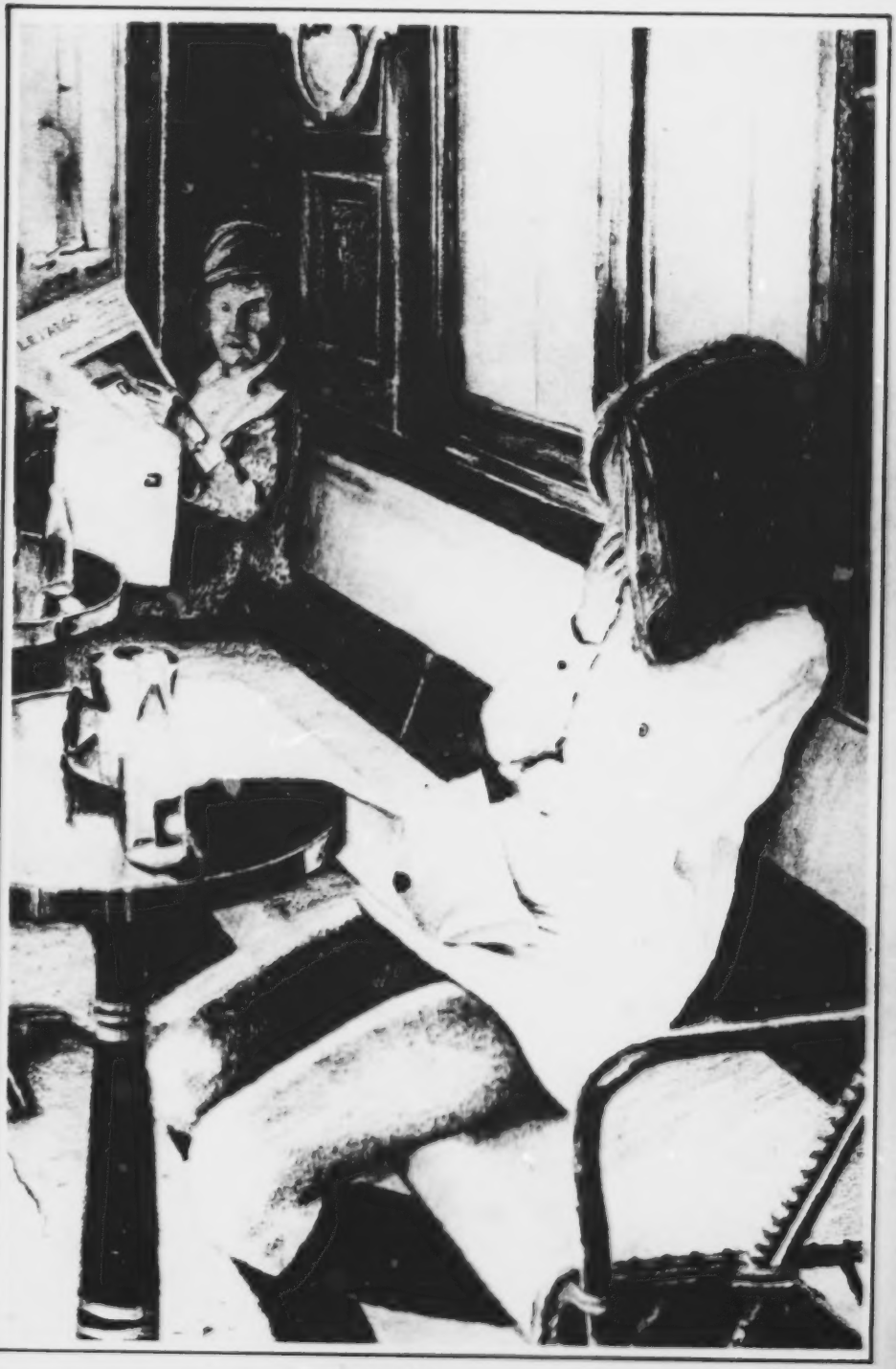
MR. LAWSON: No, of course not. (picks up a book from his desk and hands to Jennifer) Here's a dictionary. Look up the word, "rhapsody,"—the musical meaning. (crosses arms and waits)

JENNIFER: (turns some pages, stops, and reads) "Rhapsody—an instrumental composition of free, irregular form, suggesting improvisation." (looks up) I still don't...

MR. LAWSON: Improvisation—You are an improvisation! You're a rebel, Jennifer!

JENNIFER: (shocked) But...

MR. LAWSON: I've noticed it in you. I've been teaching too long not to know it on sight. (in a fatherly, lecturing tone) You can't live your life in rebellion, Jennifer. You're a bright girl; you can conform if you want to.



Kevin Lay

JENNIFER: But...

MR. LAWSON: Think about it. (clears throat, says loudly) You and Melanie straighten the chairs, and then you may leave. (gets up, takes a pile of papers from the desk, walks out. Jennifer looks stunned, moves to fix the chairs. Melanie looks up.)

JENNIFER: (curtly) Help me straighten the chairs. (Melanie stands and begins to help.)

MELANIE: What's wrong, Jennifer? What did he say to you?

JENNIFER: (looks up) He said I'm a rebel.

MELANIE: He said WHAT?

JENNIFER: You heard me. (clenches teeth) He doesn't know me—he CAN'T know! I don't act up in here! I don't understand—I'm NOT a rebel!

MELANIE: You know in some ways you are. Your parents, for example... (Jennifer explodes)

JENNIFER: (obviously pained) BUT I'M NOT THAT WAY IN HERE! I have an "A" average in here! And YOU can talk about families—YOURS loves YOU. What do I have? I KNOW I fight with THEM a lot—I KNOW I'm rebellious THERE, but not here...I didn't do anything to deserve that name he put on me! EVERYONE seems to put that name on me!

MELANIE: (in a rush) I think Mr. Lawson made a good guess at you—you're just mad because of it...

JENNIFER: (screams) THAT'S NOT TRUE! (immediately turns and resumes straightening the chairs)

MELANIE: Okay!—It was just a guess... (they finish with the chairs in silence. Jennifer crosses to piano and sits down. Melanie follows. Jennifer idly plinks on keyboard.) Umm, Jennifer...

JENNIFER: Look—I'm sorry. I'm upset. Listen, I want to know—Have I done something wrong in front of Mr. Lawson, in this class? ANYTHING? (begins to pick out melody to *Rhapsody in Blue* on piano)

MELANIE: (looks thoughtful) Noooo...well, you have been VERY moody lately. One day you're happy and smiling, and the next you look as if the world is going to end. Nothing really rebellious, though. (pauses, then resumes softly) Jen,...you and I are losing touch, friend! What's wrong?

JENNIFER: (hits a loud, jarring chord on the piano) I don't KNOW! (buries face in hands)

MELANIE: You're not happy...why? Your parents? (Jennifer shakes her head) Then what is it?

JENNIFER: (looks up) The old jokes aren't fun anymore, Mel! I feel so stupid! The people I used to laugh with, I laugh AT. What's wrong with me?

MELANIE: (sarcastically) Growing pains.

JENNIFER: Oh, Lord help me! (stands, starts to pace) This is really crazy. (stops pacing in middle of stage) OKAY. I'm okay.

MELANIE: (picks up her books) I've got to go now, Jenny. Listen, you're my best friend. I love you a lot. (Jennifer smiles sadly) You can't tell me there's nothing wrong. I know better.

JENNIFER: (softly) Where are we going to be ten years from now? So many people in my life have come and gone...so many... (shakes her head, turns to Melanie)

MELANIE: (softly) I know you need to talk, but...do you want to?

JENNIFER: (turns back to Melanie) Noo...(pauses, then whirls around) Yes!...Oh, I don't know! I don't know ANYTHING anymore! (shakes her head) It's—well, I used to be so happy and enjoyed life so much! (laughs bitterly) I guess I was a typical freshman. (pauses, Melanie nods) It was FUN to act like a six-year-old and not care what anyone else thought. But now...Now I see others act the way I used to act, and I think "WHY DON'T YOU JERKS ACT YOUR AGE?!" But then I realize that maybe they ARE acting their age, and I'm the one out of place. That's what my mother says—that I take everything too seriously, and when SHE was a girl...(shakes her head violently, as if clearing it, rubs her eyes.) It's so damned hypocritical! THEY don't feel like me—THEY don't feel things like I do...Sometimes I feel like such a freak, such a loner...Where did all the laughter go?

MELANIE: Oh, Jennifer! (obviously wishes to help, but doesn't quite know what to say.) You're not alone! We're all going through it, or will...I understand, Sis...(smiles uncertainly, hugs Jennifer in a rush.)

JENNIFER: (smiles gratefully) Look, Mel—I'm fine. I...I just need a little time...some time to think...

MELANIE: Okay. (turns to leave.) If you need anything, just call, alright?

JENNIFER: Melanie...(pauses, then asks as if begging Melanie to deny it) Am I...growing up?

MELANIE: (pauses, looks at Jennifer oddly, then says as if measuring each word) It's a distinct possibility.

JENNIFER: (moans) OH NOOOooo...

MELANIE: (in an obvious effort to humor Jennifer) Hey, Jenny, cheer up! I hate to see you so blue! (then says in a rush) Call me tonight if you can, Jen. G'bye! (hurriedly exits)

LIGHTS BEGIN TO DIM

JENNIFER: (looks up slowly as Melanie exits) Blue? ...Rhapsody ...in Blue? (chuckles slowly, but laugh dies away) A...rebel... (buries her face in her hands and sobs)

LIGHTS FADE TO BLACK

THE END

Lisa Graf

Ballet

Bringing grace to my world
Alone on the stage,
Longing to be as one with strength,
Lifting my spirit high beyond reality
Escaping only for awhile,
Turning dark to light.

Julie Maskimowski

BEST COPY AVAILABLE

Jelly Beans

OH! I have a nickle, and I'm gonna buy some jelly beans!

Mom, why is that old man going through that garbage can?

I LOVE jellies, and I eat them all the time!

Dear, don't look at that dirty man. Here! Look at that cute little doggy, across the street, instead.

My mommy gives me money, so that I can buy me jelly beans!

But, mommy, he's so skinny. Do you think he's hungry?

I will eat, and Eat, and EAT, AND EAT because I know they're mine!

Of course not dear, he'll have plenty to eat when he goes home. Look! Look at the pretty flowers!

i like 'em green, I like 'em red!

Are you sure, mommy? Are you sure that he can eat when he goes home?

I'll eat 'em up until I'm dead!

Yes darling, when he gets to his cozy little home, he'll eat until he's stuffed. Now, come ON Dear, let's go home and eat OUR dinner.

...okay, Mommy...

Jelly beans, jelly beans, jelly jelly jelly beans...

Caroline Prince

Kevin Lay

Infinite Paradox

Every morning I go to school,
and it's getting to be a bore.
In die Deutsche Klasse,
Lerne ich Deutsch.
In computer programming,
I study Pascal,
(The language, not the man.)
In math anal we trig our tangents,
(Did you, by chance, know that
Tangent equals sine over cosine?)
And quadrate quadratic equations.
Physics is a painful class;
My teacher breaks bridges for sport.
Creative writing class is fun,
But poems are for the birds.
American history is a great class,
My teacher is really fun.
But his wit does not outweigh the fact,
That school is getting me down.
If I were smart, I'd build a device,
That would teach me in my sleep.
But how can I be smart,
If I don't go to school?
It sounds like an infinite paradox to me.

Michael Helba

The Judas Kiss

I severed the ties
That held me fast.
I looked to the future,
Forgot the past.

Though hurt still throbs,
Revenge still seeks.
My anger still kindles
After these long weeks.

I plaster a smile
On my face.
The scars are covered
But not erased.

The pretense of friendship,
I once missed.
The betrayal so complete,
Bitter-sweet as Judas' Kiss.

Ellen Ferrell

Dan Mayne

Mother Nature

She dances about, dropping threads
Of beauty here and there,
Causing excitement and brilliance,
Brightening our world.

Her magical colors warm our blood,
Giving us life through her creations.
Her crafts are unique; none are
Duplicates or forgeries.

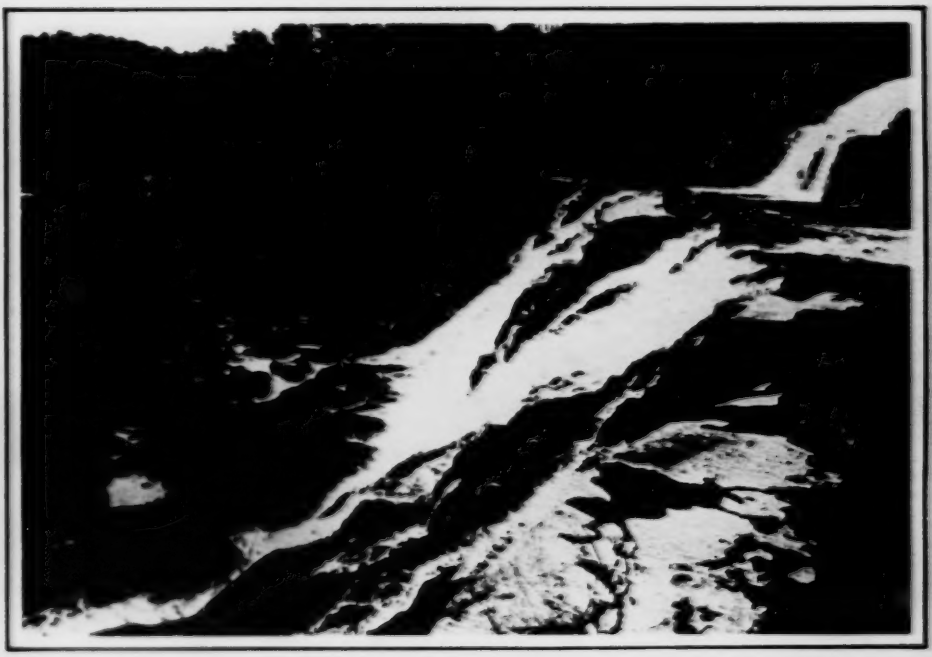
Everything glistens and sparkles
With life, the essence of being.
Nature shares her secrets with
The world, making it a better place.

Lisa Wayne

Opposite Attraction

The clouds were hanging, stifled; the starlight lit the sky.
The sun was marking daytime while the moon was marking night.
A tiny village sleeping, a tiny town at play.
A child here was dreaming, there, one smiling gay.
A church was then in meeting; a shop then closed its doors.
A stream was gently flowing; a wave capped on its shores.
A baby then was crying; a babe then laughed with glee.
Police then were searching; a prisoner then did flee.
Different races smiling, together, at the same.
Countries searching for their friends, faces without names.
Negatives and positives; magnets filled with shame.
Opposite attractions; different, yet the same.

Sandra Meigher



Don Mandiville

Waterfall

Cascading beauty
Plunging to a certain death,
Evoking no tears.

Kyle Saunders

47

Anders Adelfang

Freedom

And in the autumn the trees
Fire the mountainside:
A thousand flags waving,
A thousand stars smiling back;
And the brook downs the mountain
Laughing as it falls;
The open skies embrace the earth.
And the sun slowly awakes
Setting the sky on fire;
Golden fingers mingle with the oak and the pine.
And out of the stillness comes a whispering,
Tree-tips quiver
Welcoming the warm glow.
And morning bursts forth.

David Bockelman

What of the Heroes

What of the heroes?
Where do they go?
Where do we put them
After the show?

After the glory and
After the song –
Too quickly forgotten;
Too easily wronged.

What of the dreamers?
Where are they today?
Their dreams have all broken,
And they've gone away.

What of the lovers?
Where have they gone?
When love is over,
Where do they run?

The dreamers and lovers
Cry out from the past.
Their time is not present –
Ours will not last.

What of the heroes?
Where are they today?
Gone with the dreamers
Of some better day.

Suzanne D'Aunoy

Soul Companion

The little boy jogged slowly through the woods until he came to the huge rock which he called his own. He climbed up the cold stone, the exhilarating power of height running through him as it always did. The setting sun cast crimson shadows through the trees, and Jeremy shivered. He ran his small, bone-thin fingers through the fur of the dog that had leaped up beside him. The St. Bernard passed its large, wet tongue over the boy's hand and stared up at him through brown liquid eyes. Jeremy smiled at the dog lovingly.

"I don't care if they can't see you!" he told the dog. "You're still mine. And you're not my imagination!" Jeremy's small frame shook. The dog nuzzled him reassuringly. "Oh Buck, why can't they see you? If they saw you, they would know you were real, and then the boys at school wouldn't pick on me because they would be afraid of you!" Images flashed through the boy's mind of the bullies cowering while he stood there, watching and laughing...

Buck's eyes melted to a misty golden-brown and he gazed at the boy wistfully.

Okay, Buck. I won't ask anymore—just don't leave me!" Jeremy's voice broke and he clung to the dog, sobbing.

"WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?!" Mr. Winter's voice boomed. He was a giant of a man, and his height and bulk only accentuated his son's smallness. He had not bothered to change from the rugged denims and yellow construction hat that were his work clothes. Dirt and sweat streaked from his face, settling into the creases around his forehead and mouth.

"I've been in the woods, Dad," Jeremy answered timidly, peering up at his father with oversized blue eyes.

"The woods! It's almost dark! A ten-year-old kid shouldn't be out by himself at this hour!" Mr. Winters paused and looked down at his son imperiously.

'But Dad, I have Buck..." Jeremy wished he had not piped up when he saw the expression on his father's face.

"BUCK?!" his father exploded. "Your imaginary mutt is going to save you from — "

"He's not imaginary and he's not a mutt!" Jeremy yelled back at him, surprising himself.

"You dare to yell at me?" Mr. Winters raged. His hand cracked across the boy's head, sending him sprawling. "Go to your room, you little -- you RUNT!"

Jeremy slunk to his room, his head throbbing. "RUNT... Runt...runt..." His father's words rang sharply in his ears, searing his heart. He threw himself onto his bed and began to cry.

Jeremy did not open his eyes when he felt a warm, wet tongue lick his forehead where a welt was already rising. The pain of the bruise, under the dog's ministrations, slowly subsided. The boy drifted off to sleep, comforted by the dog he knew was real.

He did not wake when his father entered his bedroom and gazed down at him, softly brushing the boy's sandy hair aside to reveal the fruit of his anger. Mr. Winters was shamefully glad that his son did not see him with a tear-streaked face. "I'm sorry, Son," he whispered, and softly closed the door.

When Jeremy went to school the next morning, the teacher noted the bruise on his forehead with some concern. At lunch he approached Jeremy.

"Hello, Jeremy."

"Oh, hi, Mrs. Collins." Jeremy kept his eyes directed on his shoes.

"That's quite a nasty bump on yur head," the teacher said. "How did you get that?"

"I, um, fell down the stairs," the boy answered. He flushed and turned away. "I'd better go now. Goodbye, ma'am." He hurried away.

Jeremy walked home from school with a note for his father. He hoped feverently that he had not said anything wrong to Mrs. Collins; only his shaggy friend comforted him enough to go directly home, bypassing the woods and the rock that was his refuge in times of trouble. The dog walked beside him, tugging on his sleeve if he lagged behind; it was almost as if Buck wanted him home quickly.

While his father read the note, Jeremy sat on the couch and waited, terrified. He picked at the threads of a pillow, tensing for the fury that was sure to come.

Mr. Winter's reaction was quite unexpected—he nodded curtly and, with a sideward glance that started the boy trembling, strode to the telephone. He dialed, talked in hushed tones, and hung up. Then he turned and looked up at Jeremy.

"Dad...?" Jeremy left the question unasked. His father went to the couch, picked the boy up, and hugged him tightly.

"I never meant to hurt you, Son," he said, his voice husky. Jeremy clung to his father, determined to hold back his tears because he knew his father was doing the same.

"Well, let's get down to business," said Mr. Collins with visibly forced cheerfulness. He offered Mr.

Winters a chair but the man declined with a restless wave, and began to pace the length of the chalkboard.

"Mrs. Collins, I do not beat my child." Mr. Winters said finally. The teacher was taken aback.

"I -- I never thought so," Mrs. Collins replied gravely. "I had assumed that the boys at school had roughed him up."

"My son has problems with bullies?" Mr. Winters frowned. "I never knew..."

"It is probably, in Jeremy's eyes, a personal shame. I have been doing what I can to keep the others from picking on him. I don't mean to interfere, but I like to help when I can." Mrs. Collins paused and Jeremy's father nodded. "What happened to Jeremy's head?" she asked softly.

"Well," Mr. Winters replied slowly, almost painfully, "Jeremy upset me, and I lost control and swung at him. I didn't know what I was doing; it was the same thing we had argued over before. I never meant to hurt him -- I forgot how...how frail he is." He paused.

"What upset you so much?" Mrs. Collins probed carefully.

"Buck," Jeremy's father said in a bitter voice. At the teacher's questioning look, Mr. Winters told him bit by bit of his son's obsession with the imaginary dog, and his fears of Jeremy losing touch with reality. At the end of the explanation, Mr. Collins looked thoughtful.

"There is a very fine line between fantasy and reality, Mr. Winters, and children often find it hard to distinguish the two." Mrs. Collins looked at Jeremy's father. "Your son is a very bright boy. He hasn't many friends at school—he seems to be very self-concious. My guess is that this Buck is his soul companion. I doubt that there is any real harm in his make believe pet." At this, Mr. Winters raised eyebrows in protest and started to speak. "However," the teacher's voice broke through the half-spoken negation, "if you so strongly object to it, there may be a way to eliminate the problem."

As Mrs. Collins voiced his plan, Jeremy's father began to smile.

Jeremy's eyes widened in surprise and delight when his father handed him the St. Bernard puppy. He was speechless until the pup began to lick his chin, making him laugh. He thanked his father, he thanked Mrs. Collins, and he thanked his father again. He put the wriggling pup down and it scampered off. Jeremy trotted after it, his face beaming with joy. The two men watched from the porch as the boy and dog romped happily in the grass. Then, satisfied and happy, they turned and went inside.

Jeremy looked towards the woods bordering the backyard. There stood Buck, the sadness in his eyes so profound that the boy stopped smiling and picked up the playful puppy.

"Buck," he called gently. "Come and meet our new friend." He held the puppy close.

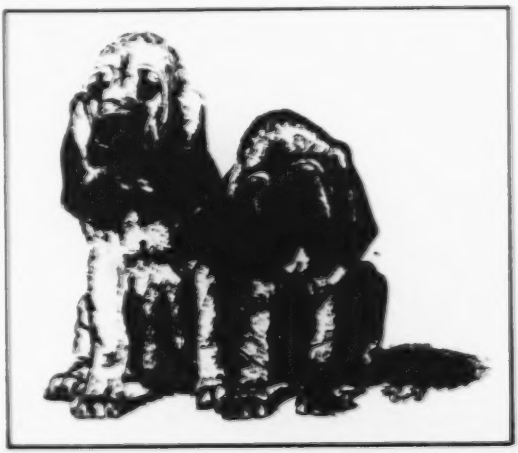
The dog by the woods took a step forward and stopped. He looked at Jeremy and softly whined. Then Buck turned and padded dejectedly into the woods. He looked back once, as if saying goodbye, and was lost in the shadows.

Jeremy's new puppy began to squirm. He set the puppy down and headed back to the house. His father met him at the door.

"What's your puppy's name, Jeremy?" he asked.

"Buck," Jeremy responded quietly. "His name is Buck."

Lisa Graf



Kim Campbell

A Life History

Birth:
A complex process:
Weak limbs, with tender buds
Opening to the morning sun,
Grow firm and healthy,
Their bent branches reaching skyward.
Naive chicks rest on unsteady appendages,
Trusting their small weight to the young sapling.
Maturing through the years,
The young tree becomes strong.
Just as a child grows into an adult,
The sapling grows into the monarch of the forest.

Death:
An inevitable process:
Gnarled limbs sag,
Not withstanding the effects of time.
The majesty of the forest
Is transformed into an ancient relic.
Soon to be nonexistent.

Adrienne Kump

The Oak

Hoary oak, thick-barked and old,
Alone in winter's deadly cold,
Stiff you stand, twisted and bare,
Tattered birdnests in your hair.

Years ago, upon this hill,
Before the elements worked their will,
Youth did reign and time was naught,
And pleasures there were cheaply bought.

What made you change within this time
Defies all logic, reason, rhyme;
For ice and wind, rain and snow
Could not have hardened your heart-core so.

Perhaps some answer is locked inside
The marrow-deep, unyielding hide
That tells the story of the fall
Of one so young and strong and tall.

If it be so, the quest is lost;
The core cannot be claimed by frost,
But neither can it feel the rays
Of Mother-Sun on warmer days.

Hoary oak, thick-barked and old,
Alone in winter's deadly cold,
Fallen in the foot-deep snow;
No one else will ever know....

Lisa Graf

Melinda Long

To My Grandchild

How very often
Have I been alone
In this very spot,
My mind bursting with ideas
And my heart over-flowing with emotions?
How very often would words
Pour from me –
Rich with relief
And vibrating with sincerity?
How sweet
To have a willing ear
Just for a little while.
Long, sad periods
Of frustrated silences;
Torrents of thoughts
Closed behind trembling lips.

Anders Adelfang

There -
Take my hand.
Come lay the smoothness
Of your young cheek against mine.
Talk to me.
Let me enjoy the rapid flow
Of eager young worlds
Tripping over each other;
Tangles.
Show me a piece of your rainbow -
Just for a little while.

Kecia Driver

For A Sister

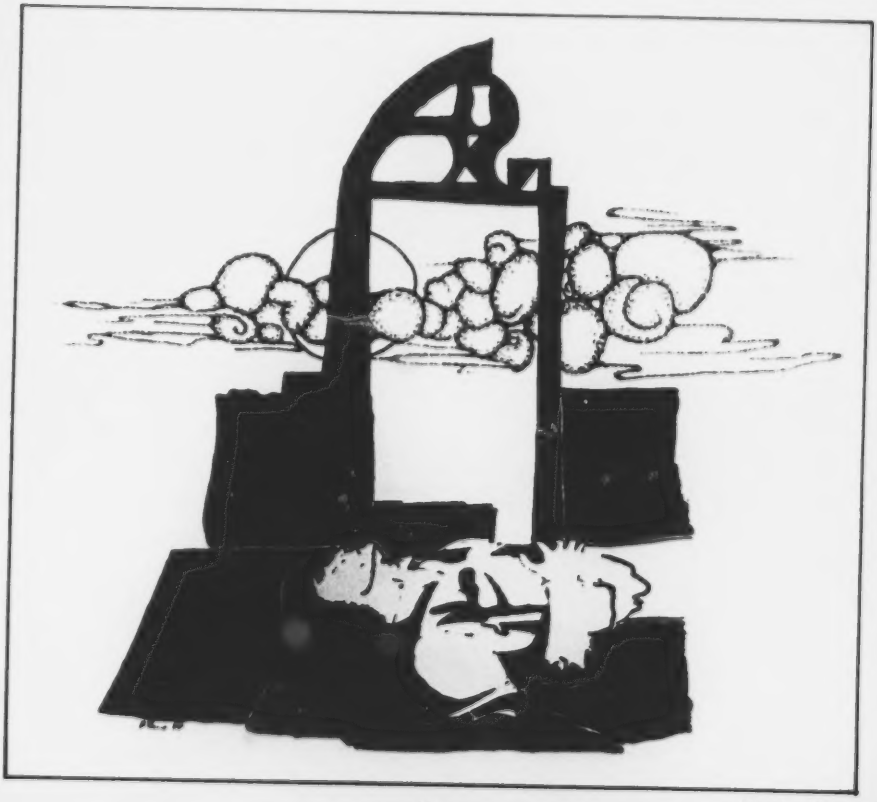
I see a depth in your eyes,
My friend,
More than comparable to the shallowness
Of my own.
And I think of the awakening
My mind has seen
Through communication
With you.
Stark realizations
Of times in the past
Wasted on meaningless and
Pointless pastimes-
Less and less
On ponderings of life's harsh realities
And blinding truths.
Less and less time spent on thoughts
Of good in man.
Wasting life's opportunities
To be free and thrive and live.
Waste of time on
Thoughtless actions and meaningless words.
Existence without life—mindless being.
And I thank you my friend,
For showing me a truth I'd not looked for
And for being, and knowing, and living,
And loving
In some spiritual way.
A-men.

Suzanne D'Aunoy

H(eart) Bomb

Hatred permeates the reflective
stomach pangs of lurid infatuation.
While the mind is filled with ecstatic
thoughts of the predicted future,
the heart is prevented from expressing
the same type of enthusiasm.
The heart's superficial feelings overshadow
any suggestion of education or recreation.
Passion by numbers;
conversation through moderation;
all restrict from the basis of humanity.
Everything that seemed very clear becomes distorted.
All cries for God are unrealized because of the
basic shallowness of the plea.
All hope for peace is dead...

Greg Barber



Kevin Kline

Identity

The pressure builds within me,
Growing quickly.
Boiling bubbles form and break
faster and faster,
faster than ever.

The molten lava burns at my sides.
It rises slowly towards the top,
Inching its way up my sides,
Scalding me, filling me with gaseous substances.

Suddenly, there is an explosion!
The lava spurts out;
Then it oozes slowly.
Eventually it stops moving
Finally, cooling.

Everything is quiet now.
I know now that the time is come.
I have waited all my life for this moment.
I peep out over the top
And climb over the final hump.

The last traces of smoke have long
Since gone their separate ways.
I finally rise from the debris
And proudly stand,
Having found myself at last.

Sangita Goel

Darkness But No Blows

When in the dark I trembled,
You held me.
When from a hurt I cried,
You kissed away the pain.
When of a love I spoke,
You smiled and understood.

When from your blows I trembled,
You left me.
When from your words I cried,
You caused me yet more pain.
When for a love I pleaded,
You frowned and shook your head.

Now there is darkness
But no blows,
Pain indescribable
But no noose of curses,
Love both known and hidden
But neither misunderstood nor believed.

And now I wish for the pain,
Long for the anger,
And pray for unfairness restored.

Daddy, please don't die...

Lisa Graf

Kevin Kline

In a Hospital

It was two o'clock when we heard. A young nurse—I think she was a nurse—came into the small waiting room filled with people. The television set was on and many of the room's occupants were watching a soap opera. Robert, my mother, and I were sitting on a couch eating a late lunch consisting of junk food from the vending machine. The nurse took a quick glance around the room, then spoke in no particular direction.

"Are the Slenfields in here?" Her voice seemed too positive.

My mother spoke, "Yes, yes...I'm Mrs. Slenfield."

The nurse's eyes started to shift. "Ah,...maybe I should get the floor director...I'm not really supposed to—"

Mother broke in, "What is it?! What has happened?!"

The nurse looked around once more, then looked straight at Mother and then at Robert and me, who were by now extremely attentive. "Well," the nurse continued, "the doctors are having a very difficult time with your husband. He's losing too much blood...it's doubtful he will make it."

My heart stopped. For me the room was silent although Mother, now in tears, continued to speak with the nurse. For a few minutes I felt nothing, but then the painfulness of realization slowly crept over me. 'My father is going to die....'

I began to think of all the ways that I had imaged myself taking the news of my father's death. Father had been in so many hospitals these last five years; I thought I had philosophically accepted the fact. I thought I would take it stoically.

Silently tears began to stream down my face and Mother held my hand. I looked at my brother Robert. He is older than I and I have always admired him. He was very sober looking, but he was not crying. Robert was so strong. If only Mother and I could share his strength.

Two hours later, Mother, Robert, and I were in another waiting room. Someone had called the pastor and we were waiting for him. Mother was sitting in a chair and Robert and I were looking out a window when he came in. He addressed Mother.

"Mrs. Slenfield?" Mother nodded. "Hello, I'm Reverend Larinex."

I looked at Robert and then he looked at me. We started to chuckle silently, then we started to laugh aloud. Reverend Larynx; what a name! I guess the pressure was too much.

Robert turned to shake hands with him. Once again Robert physically resisted his emotions. He was silent and pensive looking. I

turned with a slight smile. The hours since the news from the operation had drained the grief from me. I felt numb but for my mind's spontaneous reaction to the Reverend's peculiar name.

When the Reverend left, I sat down near my mother. The feeling of grief again took hold of me. Robert sat down next to me and I could feel his strength; I loved him for it.

An hour later, another nurse came into the waiting room. Mother and I were sitting on a couch. Robert had gone to get a coke.

"Mrs. Slenfield," the nurse began, "your husband has made it through the operation. He is now in the intensive care unit."

My mother's face lit up. I immediately jumped up and ran down to the coke machine to find Robert. I found him with his back turned to the hallway, gazing at a trash can. He had left the waiting room to cry by himself.

Mark Stettler

Mike Keeney

Reflections on A Grey Day

I can remember the soft, charcoal grey
Of the crumbling old buildings around the
Farmhouse—
That were no longer used.
Harsh, scraggly trees
And their glorious foliage...
Rough old rutted roads,
Covered with stones and half-grown with
Blackberry brambles...

Pressing my cheek against the rusted old gate,
Staring out at the fields where we used to wander,
Where he used to recall stories of his youth for me.

I can remember thinking that
It didn't seem that everything should still be
Intact;

Not if my grandfather was gone.

Kecia Driver

Wiley Horton

Shadow Boxer

When you cry
And don't know why,
Are you a fool
Or just a loser?
Don't understand,
No slight-of-hand,
No games or rules
But still no closer.
What can it be you're looking for?
A passageway, an open door?
There's no way out—
There's no escaping it;
But if you fight, what are you fighting for?

You're all alone
Out on your own,
And it's your choice;
"What's it about?"
You finally shout.
Still no answer,
Still the fool.
Do you know what you're looking for?
A passageway or open door?
And still it seems you're shadow boxing—
What is it that you're fighting for?

Suzanne D'Aunoy

62

The Game

Dark was setting in and Miller sank finally in the midst of a large clump of foreign plants, his leg throbbing. He was not sure quite how long he had been running. The crashing noise was barely audible in the distance. Or maybe it was in his mind. His thoughts were racing, though, and wherever it came from, the faint sound was almost unbearable.

"This is where the fighting is, boy!" a sergeant was talking, "You think you're ready?"

"That's what I signed up for, sir," Miller's own voice rang in his ears. How long ago was that? He had only been sent weeks before. It felt like years.

The rifle felt suddenly strange in his hands. "Dear God! They're coming!"

"Fire!" the voice of the sergeant echoed like the not-so-distant cannons. "I said 'FIRE' boy! You deaf?" Miller froze for an instant, then obeyed the command.

It was difficult at first, but after the first days of battle firing became easier. Each day Miller noted the ground that had been lost and gained in battle during the brief intervals of peace between the periods of fighting. War was beginning to be a game of shooting at invisible targets. Miller played the game to its fullest extents.

The troops made a sudden surge for the dense brush. Miller smiled slightly as he saw the ant-like enemy rushing away into the jungle. He senselessly fired as he entered through the thick vegetation. All he could do was to fire.

"Miller look out!"

He jumped out of the way as a sniper's round stirred the dust where he had been standing. A second later, a man in enemy uniform dropped from the trees ten yards away. The game was getting interesting.

Miller crouched as he snaked through the jungle.The number of those fighting decreased as men were shot down or wounded. The soldier lost count, and fired at anything that moved.

The sun was beating down through the thick upper foliage. The soldier had not slept in days and his mind was hazy. Nothing had moved in the jungle for hours, and Miller could feel himself getting edgy. His fingers twitched nervously on the trigger of the gun. The only sounds were the occasional shots in a far corner of the jungle. A twig snapped behind him. Miller turned and looked around as if by instinct. Then it came; the quiet, unbearable quiet. Miller looked at the unarmed boy in enemy garb dying in front of him. He did not feel the gun slip from his hands.

The jungle opened up as if to swallow him as Miller ran. A sniper's shot pierced his thigh, and for a moment, Miller stumbled He picked himself up and kept running aimlessly. As the noise of the battle grew softer, Miller ran as far from it as he could. His leg was painful now, and night was coming quickly. The soldier dropped to the ground amidst some concealing plants. The fighting was far away now. He could think.

His thoughts came slowly, painfully. The battle—it had all been a game, a deadly game. It did not seem real. "He was just a boy."

Miller could hear his mother's voice—see her face as she opened a telegram. The boy had had a mother, too. Miller pushed his thoughts aside. Sleep came easily.

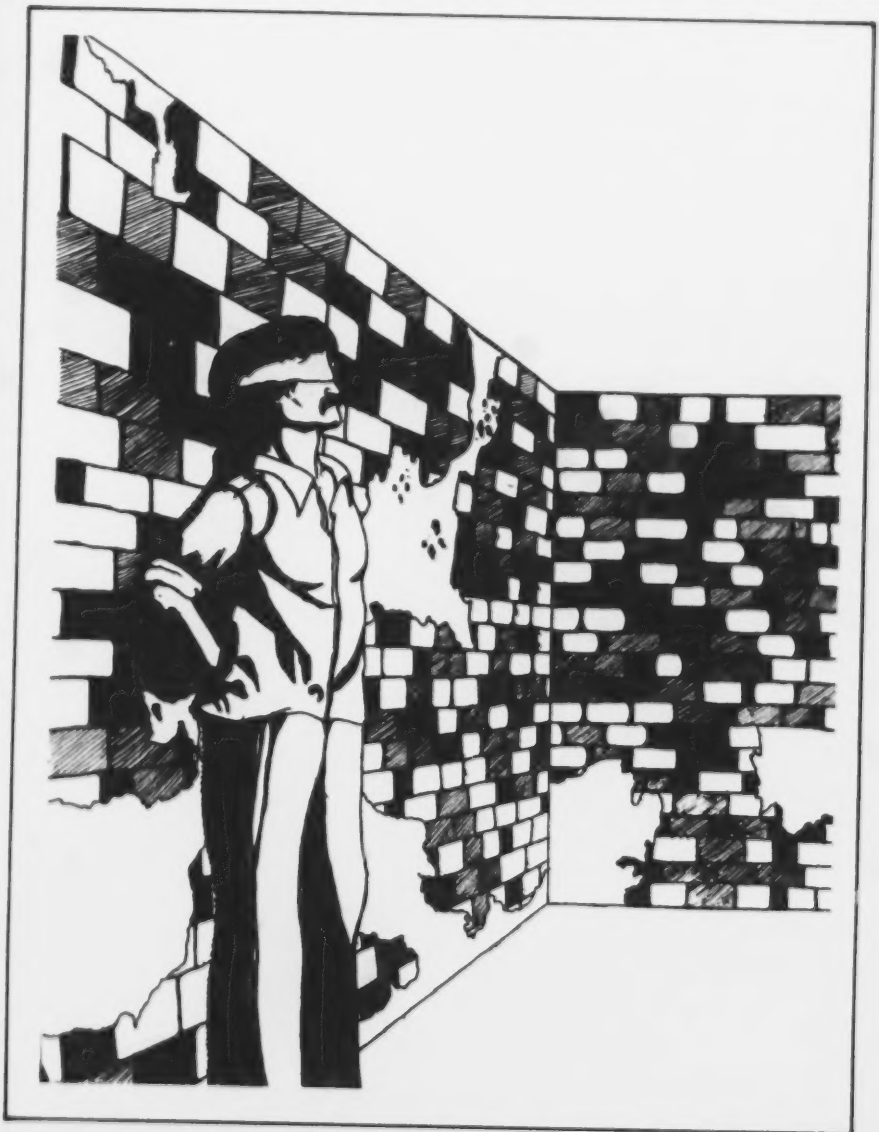
The sounds of battle moved nearer, waking Miller. It was fully dark now, and

the darkness would hide him for awhile. He had to run again while he could. Miller tried but could not move. The wound on his leg had worsened. He pulled out the knife he had been issued and began to cut at the bullet hole. If he could just take the bullet out, he could run and...

The sniper turned and fired at a noise in the bush. The knife in Miller's hand dropped as he reached for the hole in his chest.

"He was just a boy," the final sounds echoed in Miller's brain. "That's what I signed up for, sir. Just a game. Kill or be killed. Just a boy..."

Suzanne D'Aunoy



Kevin Kline

Holocaust

Destruction of life,
Of goodness, of growth.
Terror and strife,
Fear and release.
Fires burn red,
Flaming hatred and pain,
Contentment is bled
From the life-vein of peace.
Funeral pyre
Flames tower higher
Evils conspire
All love to surcease.

The wind blows cold
Over memory's graves.
Good times are old,
Though just yesterday.
Desolate waste
Of a once-flowering heart,
Nightime erased
By the sun's beating ray.
The soul's warmth has flown
Lost and alone
Bare to the bone
With the coldness of clay.

Lisa Graf

Kevin Lay

66

Whatever Happened...

Whatever happened to those days of yore
Those dim innocent days of yesterday
When Fred and Ginger spun across the floor
and Laurel and Hardy went their zany way

When the cost of a movie was just a dime
And it was only a nickel for a candy bar
And you could sit in the dark and pass the time
and forget the Depression and the maddening war

Watching people concerned with romance
Who never seemed to have a care
People who could sing and people who could dance
To music born on the warm night air

When being a cute child was not enough
There had to be talent there too
If one could sing, or dance, or perhaps do both
There was a chance for a dream-come-true

The girl-next-door was the type to be
Crooning love songs with stars in her eyes—
Doris Day or Sandra Dee
Who touched the heart with their tears and sighs

It was the tough-guy or the dashing look
For the hordes of smart young men
From the pirate king to the small-town crook
Humphrey Bogart or Errol Flynn

It was when a great "Wind" blew through Loewe
And suave Clark Gable was King
and "Hit Parade" was the favorite show
And all the world got into "swing"

When hopes were high and the land was free
And soda jerks could be stars
When anyone with a dream to see
Could come from near and far

Whatever happened to those days of yore
Those dim innocent days of yesterday
When this land was a bright and shining shore
and "our hearts were young and gay"

Vicki Wilson

Anders Adelfang

Sunset

Nothing is as peaceful
As the sweet supplication of the sun to the skies
At dusk.
"Trailing clouds of glory," the sun embraces the hills
Along the horizon,
Tossing off splashes of the spectrum
Like petals from some exquisite blossom.
The fiery temptress that is queen over our days
Is about to retire for awhile—
To allow the pale golden beams of her gentle sister
To guard our dreams.
She is reluctant to go—
She thirsts for the dramatic,
And demands attention before her departure
Like a beautiful, spoiled child.
As she finally slips from sight,
And the last embers of her presence fade,
The earth is silent
As it whispers goodnight.

Kecia Driver

Boy Meets Girl

Once upon a time, in a beautiful little kingdom, in a land far, far away, there lived a lovely princess named Girl. Girl was an unhappy little princess; something was missing in her lonely little life. Girl had no male companionship, for her wicked stepmother had locked her in the castle tower.

One day as Girl was gazing through her barred window, wishing for a male companion, a little old lady appeared in a cloud of stardust. "Oh! Who are you? asked Girl, who was a little startled.

"Why, I'm your Fairy Godmother," the little old lady replied. "Is there something wrong my dear Girl?"

"Why yes, there is...," she sighed, believing the old lady was her Fairy Godmother, as all good little princesses do. "I want some male companionship."

"That should be no problem."

"Oh, but you don't know my wicked stepmother. She will not let a man come anywhere near me. What shall I do?" Girl cried in despair.

"You must believe in me and things will work out. Tonight your companion will come to your room. You will see him then." With that, the little old lady vanished.

That evening, Girl sat in her room waiting for her companion. She waited and waited and no one came. She had been staring at the door for hours when she noticed an inchworm inching its way under the door. Just as she was about to step on it, it squealed in a high-pitched whine, "Wait! I'm your companion!"

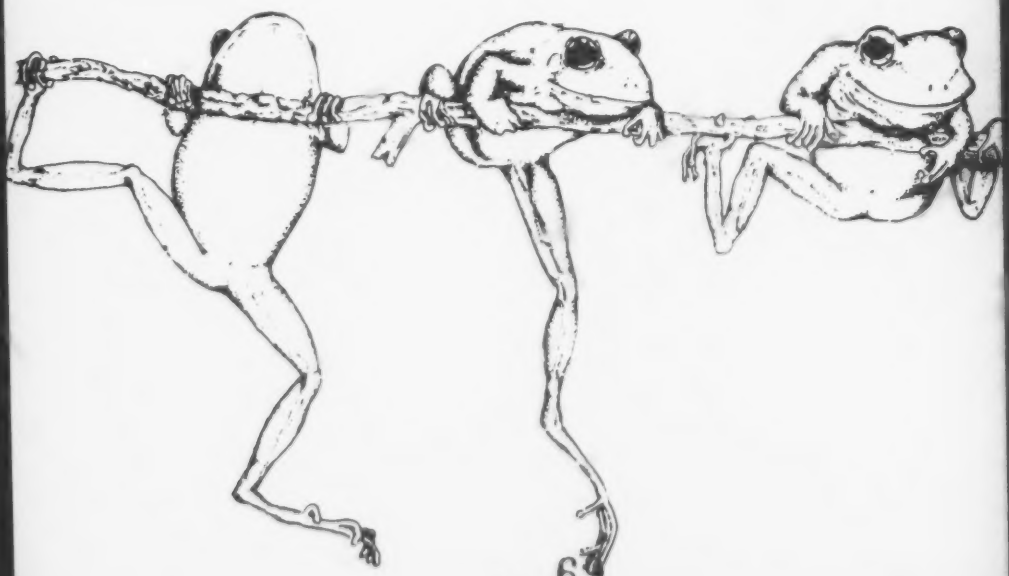
"My what?" she asked.

"Your companion. Your Fairy Godmother sent me."

"I asked for a male companion! You're a worm!"

"I'm an inchworm, if you please, and you didn't specify a *human* male."

"But I only assumed...."



"Very well, then; if you kiss me I will become a man."

"What?! If I kiss you, you will become a man? I don't believe it."

"You believe I'm a talking inchworm."

"That's different; all Fairytale Princesses talk to animals and such."

"Please try. After all, didn't your Fairy Godmother tell you to have faith?"

"Very well...SMACK!"

With a cloud of billowing smoke and a sudden rush of wind, the worm became a man (and a very handsome man at that). "My name is Boy," he said. Thus Boy met Girl.

"But if my wicked stepmother finds you here, she will have you killed," Girl said,realizing the danger.

"Never fear, Girl, in the morning light I shall become an inchworm again. Then you may kiss me again at night."

"Oh, that is wonderful! Er...but I don't think this is proper."

"Never fear Girl, I have brought a praying mantis with me. He shall marry us."

"Oh, Boy, you think of everything. Shall I kiss him, too?"

"Uh...why don't you just shake his leg." And within a shake they were married.

For many years they lived like this, Boy as a man by night and an inchworm by day. Both Boy and Girl waited everyday for her wicked stepmother to die so she could become queen and let Boy be her king twenty-four hours a day. It was a race against time; would her wicked stepmother, the queen, die, or would Girl accidentally step on her husband?

This act of metamorphosis went on for many years until one day, the young princess came running into the tower, "Boy! Boy! It finally happened! My wicked stepmother has died! I am now queen. You can stay a man all the time...Boy? Boy?!!

But there was no answer, only a slight squishing sound. For Boy had been crushed by Girl.

The End

Jay Coker

Mike Keeney

70

On *Overture: 1812*

Of all the world's artistic endeavors, the category of music is, in my opinion, superior. Without the use of a single word, events and people and almost anything the mind creates can be depicted with music, specifically classical music. To me, the epitome of all meaningful, inspiring musical compositions is Tchaikovsky's *Overture:1812*. From its mild beginning to its awesome conclusion, this masterpiece is acclaimed for its portrayal of the multitudinous aspects of war by means of beautiful musical nuances. The *Overture* is historical, however. Tchaikovsky wrote the piece in 1881, nearly seventy years after the French invasion of Russia under Napoleon. The composer calls for the ringing of the hundreds of church bells of Moscow, but the capitol city was razed during the French occupation. I believe that Tchaikovsky meant for the *Overture* to depict a fierce battle for the city of Moscow, with its being left intact. The piece audibly depicts distinct stages of war: those of pre-conflict bliss, apprehensiveness of catastrophe, preparations for battle, actual war, and the restoration of peace. All of these facets of mankind's ultimate hostility are superbly reconstructed by the music, and such mastery is what fascinates me about this tour de force.

The very opening measures begin the detailed process of establishing pre-war conditions. In the rich, indolent middle-brass tones, one can visualize a country content with internal protection. The Russian nation has only recently resolved three different wars, and its people are desperately attempting to regain inner serenity.

The solitary self-interest vanishes suddenly in a blast from the bass drum; news of invading troops of the French Grand Army is in the air. The peacetime dreams of women are shattered and unhappiness stalks the mind through the gentle wailing of the oboe. One by one, Russian cities fall to the massive French force; and, Moscow is soon to be besieged. Growing dread mounts as the music boils to a preliminary climax; bugles sound their warnings and Moscow braces for rapidly approaching conflict. Ominous silence momentarily lingers during the anticipation as military drums and accompanying distant bugles declare disquiet. Then, swiftly pacing the air in a frenzy, the violas and cellos together burst into a forewarning of the inevitable; repeatedly the now-highlighted bugles cry out. It is true—the French are to invade Moscow. But the determined Russians refuse to allow the grand capitol city to fall without a fierce struggle.

The soldiers brace for the battle as the enticing bugles fan the flames of patriotism. Emotions intensify; finally the massive Grand

Army appears. The first volley of cannon fire blasts out its wanton havoc as the French army initiates the battle with a huge battery of artillery. In the long tumultuous descent of the orchestra, the Russians despairingly contemplate their seemingly futile undertaking. But, the bass line and soprano voice forcefully interrupt the lament and pound out the aggressive perseverance of the determined people. Battle is resumed with fearsome vigor; the cannons volley again and again. Throughout the numerous returns the French are ultimately routed, securing dominion to the resolute defenders. The bugles triumphantly blazon the victory call, accompanied by the hundreds of pealing bells of Moscow, and safety is restored to a victorious nation.

The ceaseless action and impetuous representation of Tchaikovsky's masterwork, *Overture: 1812*, demands appreciation. The characteristic peaks and valleys of war are superbly blended into the continuous melodic line. Overall, with the skillful variation of dynamics and style and the realistic depiction of war, *Overture: 1812* is a classical masterpiece to be admired and understood by all who appreciate fine music.

Matt Schaffer

Kevin Lay

Music

Thou sweet strings, ripple
In my breast fresh again—
Lo, my soul is quenched.

Kevin Lay

Kevin Kline

The Music Box Dancer

On china slippers dyed a blushing rose
A ballet dancer delicately twirls;
So balanced on her finely pointed toes,
Upon an unseen music-box she whirls.
A laced pink skirt she wears about her waist,
And perfect arms reach upward to the sky.
Her painted lips smile with a sweetness chaste,
Her china eyes will never move to cry.
Admired by all but hated by herself,
She poses there, despondent and alone.
She dances, then is placed upon a shelf;
Her softer, longing self is masked, unknown.
Though no one sees her loneliness or fears,
Behind the ballerina's eyes are tears.

Lisa Graf

The Wishing Well

A nice day for a walk in the park.
Children running rampant
Chasing after ducks and making
The most of their own
Little world made of
Swingsets and jungle gyms.

Elderly men sit on benches clutching
Ancient canes and
Wondering where that
Time in their lives when they could
Laugh and run
Free without the pain of old age
could possibly have gone.

In a crack in the cement
By the wishing well
A tarnished old penny
Awaits my arrival.

Tossing it up in the air, I
Watch it slice the water and form
Little rings that
Multiply in the sunlight.

It is then, that I see the
Reflection of my
Face, a tarnished old penny,
And I wonder where the days
have gone.

Suzanne Mabee

The Centurion

There were few events that gave the centurion an opportunity to release his frustrations and anxieties. He had many to think of and he was troubled in his deepest soul by the slightest thing. He stood on the soil of a conquered people whom he could not love or understand and often wondered about life in his home in Italy. His family and loved ones were far, far away and the camaraderie of his fellow soldiers only deepened the intense gloom of loneliness. It was events like this crucifiction that finally gave him a release.

He did not really know or care about the man who was doomed to the agonizing death of the cross. The thirty-nine lashes he inflicted upon the man only furthered the intense and horrifying agony. The centurion watched as the man, a rebel leader of some sort, gasped air that resisted entrance into his lungs. The man's death was unusually harsh, the centurion knew. A scourging of thirty-nine lashes would rend all the flesh off a man's body and send him on the way to a slow death by infection or sickness. But, a crucifiction as well...? The man's crime must have been great.

The centurion paced about anxiously, waiting for the man to die. The crucifiction of the man had brought only a small crowd of spectators; the usual group of Jewish citizens who were always present at the execution of Roman justice. Yet, the eye of the centurion fell upon the face of a Jewish youth, whose sad, facinated stare never left the cross. The deep, compassionate eyes of the youth reminded him of the distant, but constant pain of his lonely emptiness. The soldier, almost impulsively, was touched by the moist, tearful eyes of the boy, for he too had a son.

"Cheer up, man," he said to the boy. "If he were that Messiah of yours, I would be in Rome and his throne would be far from that cross," he thumbed over his shoulder.

The youth's eyes left that of the cross and locked upon the soldier. A large tear rolled down his cheek, but somehow the Roman knew the boy was no follower of the dying man. The sad, fascinated eyes of the boy bespoke a much deeper sorrow, as if he had seen the death of some great, great hope that the soldier had never known.

"I've seen his kind come and go," the centurion said, "in my duties as centurion; my term has seen a lot of turmoil in your land. Men like him claiming some far and distant wonder. He could never, never, never overthrow Rome. That is one crazy promise."

"The Messiah will not come as some thief who seeks to steal, kill, and destroy," the boy finally spoke. "The Messiah will come so that men might have life, life that is abundant."

The centurion was tired and angry. He was not interested in bizarre Jewish legendry, besides he knew too little Jewish mythology to care. However, the boy's words seemed not to concern the man on the cross.

"He couldn't guarantee anything though," the Roman replied."His followers were too few, too weak, too indecisive. He could never go far. It's obvious that even you are not his disciple. But tell me, why are you here if you are not his disciple?"

To that question Jesus Christ could only reply, "Wait."

Kevin Kline

Don Mandiville

Precious Pearls

I'm a bird, soaring in the sky.
Just one tiny bird, pass me by.
Just a pebble on life's endless beach,
Camouflaged, but inches within reach.
Just another face in a huge crowd,
Not brazen, not loud.

I may be another raindrop in the flood,
Or maybe I'm a pauper caked with mud.
I may be another musician in the band
Or maybe just a grain in a massive body of sand.
I may be every school girl's dream,
Or maybe I'm the reason
For every nightmare's scream.

Not judging this book by its cover,
Not thinking this "chick" is like any other,
I may be another person on this vast earth,
But I have my own character and my own worth.
I may be an ordinary, simple girl, but
Don't ignore me completely.
Who knows? I could be God's Precious Pearl.

Ellen Ferrell

The Duet

She was late; but she knew it wouldn't matter, as long as she put in an appearance. "Why am I doing this?" she thought bitterly—and for an instant she was tempted not to go. As the light remained stubbornly red, she toyed with the idea, turning it over in her mind, estimating the effect. Just to turn around and go back home....

She knew she would go. The light changed to green, and she automatically continued on her way. A sad smile touched her lips as she remembered the early days of their marriage—she had been so impressed by his talent and dedication. He had told her then there would always be another love in his life—and she had found it so endearing.

Back then, the music had seemed so magical—every day had been a challenge and every challenge had made her stronger. An almost irrepressive wave of self-pity swept over her as she admitted to herself that she sometimes didn't feel needed any more. He was established.

By the time she got to the concert hall, she had worked herself up to a pretty high level of agitation. She slammed the car door and arrived at the entrance a little breathless. With a last hasty attempt at patting her hair and soothing her appearance, she tugged open the heavy door and slipped into the auditorium.

Letting the door fall closed behind her, she scanned the crowded, quiet room. All eyes were intent on the stage, a multitude of eager faces upturned to the warm lights. The man on the podium was the guest conductor—he finished his piece and the audience applauded him politely off the stage. Silently, she groped her way to a seat, feeling oddly cold as her husband shook the man's hand and strode to center stage with every appearance of confidence. She felt as if she were watching him from millions of miles away.

A great hush fell over the audience as he straightened his music. She wondered idly who had fixed his tie, shaking off the knowledge that *she* had always been there, in the early days—now she always seemed to arrive in the middle of the performance. With incredible grace he raised the delicate baton, forming a quivering pause. Her gaze swept the hungry expressions of the musicians, poised and ready to create. Something tugged at her heart.

As he cued the downbeat, she found herself breathing with the players. The opening strains reached out to her, soothed her. The almost indiscernible movements of the flashing baton evoked such precise response...she could feel the hard, cold lump within her heart

begin to melt.

The music rolled and then swelled into a rushing crescendo. She closed her eyes and wrapped herself in the past...the scenes that shifted through her mind were like faded photographs. Joy expanded inside of her and she felt engulfed in the familiar, magical spell of the music. She didn't realize that she was crying until she tasted the salt on her lips.

As the song drew to a thundering climax, she closed her eyes again—this time to savour the sweetness. There was a single moment before the audience jumped to its feet in ovation. In that frozen heartbeat of time, she caught her husband's eye across the room and she suddenly understood a million feelings without a single word passing between them. No guilt was felt; no accusations made; no one repented and no one forgave. Her mind was at peace because she was living the most precious of harmonies. An understanding that was perfect and complete had been reinstated—and she had been reminded....

Kecia Driver

Anders Adelfang

The Art of Being a Mother

I can recall all the special times -
The times you were there,
The times we've had together.
Your accomplishments, your failures
But not one complaint,
That special touch you have,
The colds and flus you sat up with,
The bumps and bruises you made better,
The problems you listen to and understand,
That special love for everyone,
Those reassuring words you give.
All of these, and yet, not one regret
For that is the art of being a mother.

Barbara Willis

Kevin Lay

81

On Absence

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder,"
Said a poet long ago.
Inquiries I made, to ponder
If the heart in truth be so.

"Absence makes the heart grow colder,"
Said a king upon his throne.
"The poorest man can be no bolder
Stealing that which he would own."

"Absence makes the heart grow wiser,"
Said a soldier old in years.
"For on the field Death is no miser;
Truths rush forward as he nears."

"Absence makes the heart grow weaker,"
Said a beggar in the street.
"Starvation makes a soul the meeker,
Dying from the lack of meat."

"Absence makes the heart grow blinder,"
Said a mother, once a child.
"Growing up is much less kinder
Than the dream that so beguiled."

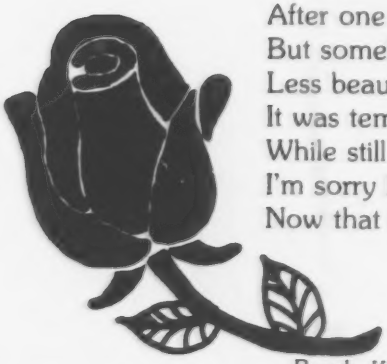
Thus in my heart there resided
The conclusion of my quest:
"Absence makes hearts undecided,"
Said the one within my breast.

Lisa Graf

The Rose

A small rose,
Beginning to bloom,
Unaware
Of certain doom.
I stand nearby,
Anticipating.
The moment is right:
No more waiting.
It rests in my hand
After one violent pull,
But somehow it seems
Less beautiful.
It was tempting, enticing,
While still on the vine;
I'm sorry I picked it,
Now that it's mine.

Betsy Radde

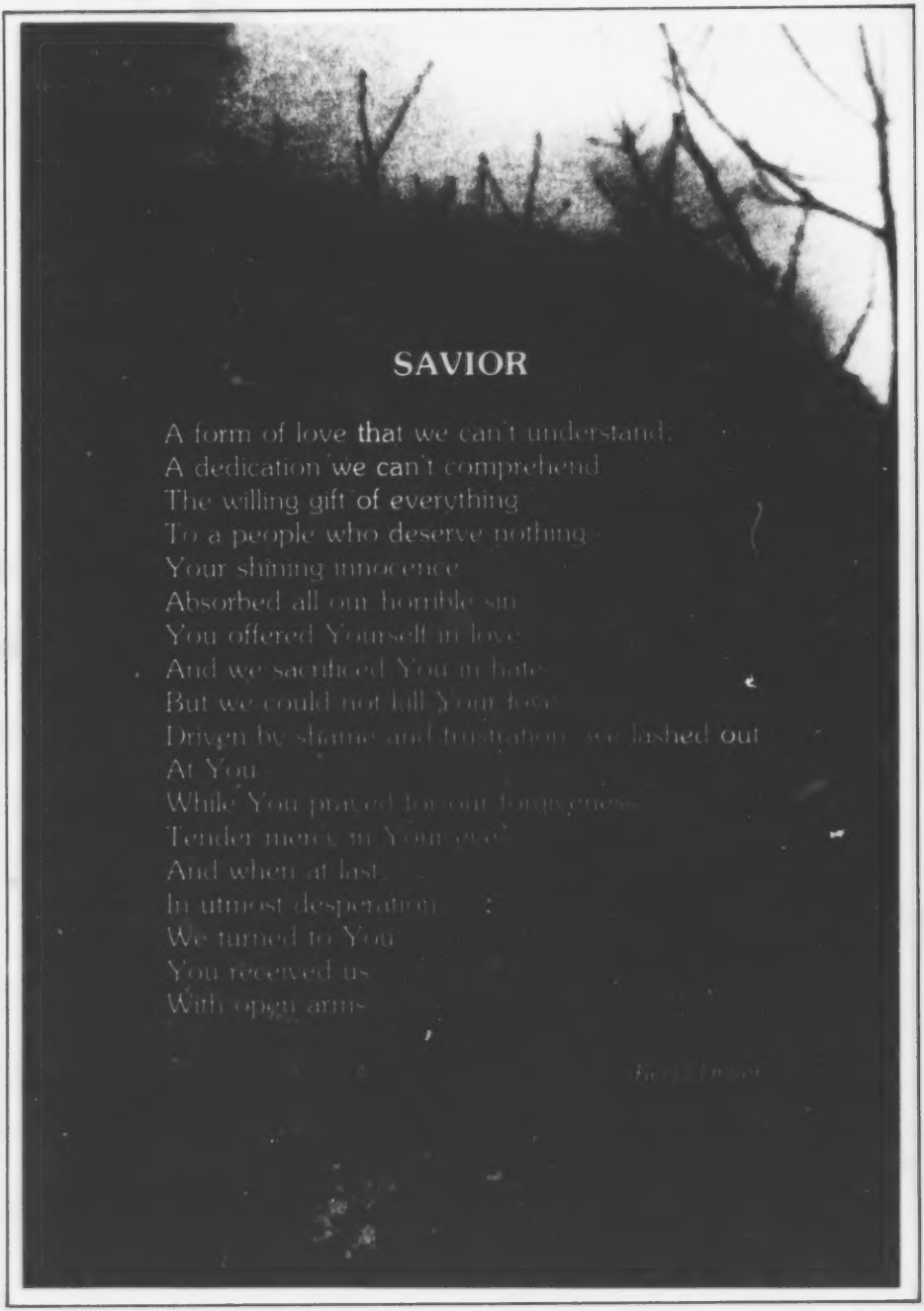


Ronda Klassen

Summer's End

Autumn leaves falling,
Laying a colored carpet,
A prelude to snow.

Michael Helba



SAVIOR

A form of love that we can't understand.
A dedication we can't comprehend
The willing gift of everything
To a people who deserve nothing
Your shining innocence
Absorbed all our horrible sin
You offered Yourself in love
And we sacrificed You in hate
But we could not kill Your love
Driven by shame and frustration we lashed out
At You
While You prayed for our forgiveness
Tender mercy in Your eyes
And when at last
In utmost desperation
We turned to You
You received us
With open arms

Dan Mayne

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Secrets

I walk along the beach at sunset.
I stand in the water and feel the beauty of the waves.
I gaze into the grandeur of the heavens.

My eyes and mind can detect
No boundary to this immense beauty.
I stand in awe and amazement.

At this extraordinary scene,
My mind races and wonders.
Just how did God create this lovely view?

And the gentle breeze seems
To whisper an answer to me—
Secrets, secrets, secrets.

As I walk throughout life,
I continually stop to reflect
Upon the mysteries I have seen.

They stand before me as a constant secret
That only He can fully understand.
Whenever I am troubled,

I stop to think on the secrets.
They help me to understand
Just how little I really know.

Secrets are the mysteries of life.
They challenge and intrigue me
To show me how little I can control.

Now, the secrets are always with me
And in my mind, but in time,
The secrets will all be revealed to me.

Dana Adkins

85

Impasse

I got the news today. It would probably have been more dramatic if I had gotten a telegram or something, but instead I got a phone call from my mother.

She meant well—she was very solemn and serious, and I could tell how hurt she was. I was nothing; numb, stunned...I could force no reaction. Out of displaced frustration, she ended up hurling accusations at me and I hung up on her. (My mother and I have always had a "stormy" relationship—I knew we would make up the next morning.)

Dead—he was *dead*! You are supposed to learn to deal with these things when you are a child, right? To me, death smelled like moth balls; it consisted of hazy, grey memories of old people, *ancient* people who had never touched my *life*, much less my heart or my soul.

"It should be raining," I thought suddenly, turning to look out the kitchen window. Beautiful sunshine poured stubbornly into neat, square patches on the linoleum floor. "I should be wearing black."

I sat down at the table, nervously twisting my fingers in my lap, trying in vain to conjure up a clear picture of his face. The only image I could evoke was of a dark, brooding figure. I concentrated harder, reaching out to the shadowy figure, but he was too far removed—he was gone.

Gone. Restlessly, I wandered into the den and found myself at another window, seeking some kind of solace. Outside were rows and rows of fringes of pine. The sun was just beginning to slip down across the sky, bathing the horizon in the kind of gloriously subtle hues that no artist will ever truly capture. I pressed my fingertips against the glass, wishing for it to be ugly and black and gray.

Without warning, the numbness gave way. Torrents of memories arrived in a flood of emotions. Disney movies and crisp autumn walks, books on King Arthur and music by Genesis—laughing at all the pretentious "sophistication" around us and holding on to innocence with all our might. Haunting scenes from the past, taunting me...How many times had I thought about writing or calling? How often had I thought about the huge amount of love he needed, and would never ask for?

Shame washed over me. I had been too busy, too wrapped up in my own life, in "me"...not enough time to get deep, to be a friend. When had I started chasing after the sophistication that we had always laughed at? When had I *changed*? When I was younger, I enjoyed entertaining him as a child enjoys the contrast of fireworks

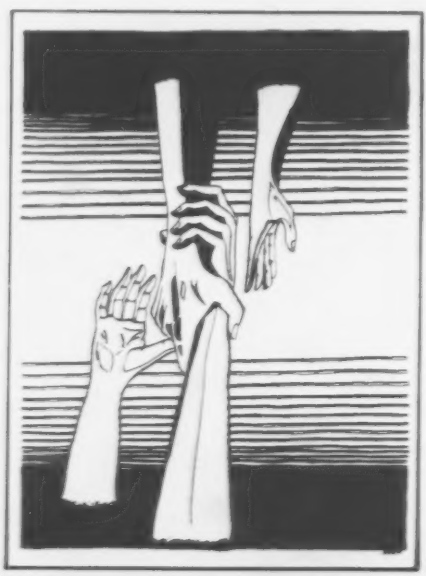
against a velvety black July night. He fascinated me in the same way that I was fascinated by the play of raindrops upon rainbow colors. He opened up to me—he trusted me. When he went away (so far away) to school, I promised to write faithfully. And I did—for a while. Until I got distracted; until the novelty wore off. Until I found other things to fascinate me.

I remember...One sticky night in August right after I had gotten my license a dog ran out in front of my car. I swerved but could not avoid striking it. He was there—"It wasn't your fault; you couldn't help it." With him, there were never gentle tears or soft sadnesses—he was too intense. I clung to him and sobbed in the haven of his arms.

I pound my fists against the glass now, shaken by a kind of raw, dry grief that I don't understand. The sky should be black—the earth needs to be purged. I can feel his forgiveness; I can hear his voice—"It's not your fault; you couldn't help it..." I cannot bear it.

If it were raining if the world were ugly, I could stand it. But I will keep living in a world of beautiful things, pretty lies, that thinly veil the ugly realities here. I know I will go on; the impact will pass, and I will slip back into the comfortable mediocrity of everyday life. I have lost a little part of myself, but I will adjust. And the sun has almost finished bathing the sky in the gloriously subtle hues that no artist will ever truly capture.

Kecia Driver



Kevin Kline

Of Pygmalion

His only tools were
His hands
As he worked silently at the shore;
Shifting, molding,
Sculpting the sands until
The beach took the shape
Of one more beautiful—
A goddess with a madonna smile.
As her beauty formed
At his hand
The sculptor smiled.
Finishing,
He backed away
To view her better.
The sea washed over her soft frame
Slowly altering her form.
A tear fell from the artist's eye
As he tenderly, silently
Smiled.

Suzanne D'Aunoy

Kevin Lay

Words

Words
Harshly fly
Sword hitting sword
Victim falls
Tears shed
Victor weeps
Crime worth punishment?

Words
Calmly flow
Cooling tensions
Easing pain
Precautions taken
Both are careful
Swords set aside
Battle ended.

Words
Begin to come
Hands are taken
Challengers die
Lovers reborn
Regrets aired
Promise made—
Forever yours.

Kathy Wilburn

As It Is

Sometimes I wish the world would end and just leave me alone,
And let me gain a piece of mind while others sit and moan.
And then I wish for peace throughout our troubled land,
And wish that all our troubles would be buried 'neath the sand.
I wish we'd act as equals as we truly are,
I wish some dreams came true if we wished upon a star.
I wish some dreams wouldn't last as long, as if they're going to stay,
So when a strong wind came, I'd see them blow away.
Maybe there will be peace, and not another war,
And sometimes we'll ask ourselves what we're fighting for.
But until that time of victory, we all must hang on strong.
Together go for what's right, and fight all that is wrong.
'Cause most dreams don't come true when you wish upon a star,
So take life as it is, and work with who you are.

Sandra Melahen

Of The Road

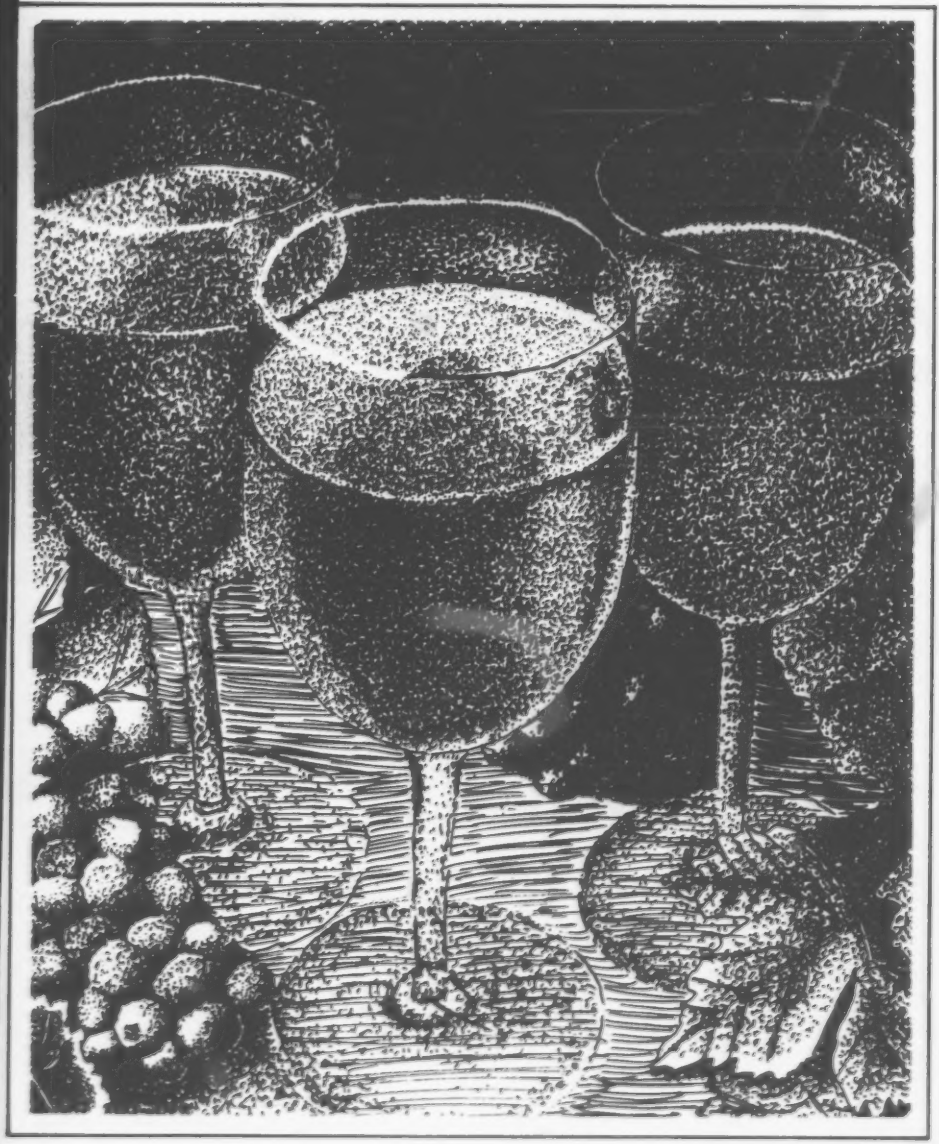
Shadowy trace,
Dark, misty path,
Cobwebby lace,
On skeleton trees.
The raven does call,
The gore-crow does cry,
As my footsteps do fall,
On my uncertain track.

The end was quite fresh
On this melancholy mind—
The sight was a breath
Of a once fairer day,
But alas! My poor soul
Cannot hold goodness long.
Too dim grows my goal,
Unsure is my way.

I walk now with care,
Fearing snares and pitfalls,
Lest I am caught unaware
And trapped by deceit.
The end of my road
With mystery is shrouded.
Great is my load
And weary are my feet
As I travel ever forward,
My destiny to meet.

Lisa Graf

Kevin Lay



Kim Campbell

91

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